National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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Selections.

PROGRESS IN TENNESSEE.

From The Nashville Union, June 25.

THE rebels show their propensity for man-stealing and kidnapping whenever a chance offers. The telegraph informed us yesterday morning, that the rebel Montgomery captured seven hundred and fifty negroes in his late raid into Pennsylvania. These negroes were free colored persons who were not subject to slavery by any local or municipal law. Their abduction to the South for the pupose of selling them into bondage was as infamous an outrage as the stealing of their unhappy ancestors from the coast of Africa.

It was a crime against the laws of the slave States themselves, which punish the kidnapping of free negroes by heavy penalties. This kidnapping is not palliated in the least, even on the shallow plea that it was designed as a retaliatory measure for the rescue of slaves from bondage by Federal troops. These free negroes of Pennsylvania are in no way responsible for that. They are not the property of the Federal government, nor of any citizen of the Federal government. It was not an act of retaliation at all. It was man-piracy—the cold-blooded stealing of free persons, and the carrying them off into slavery. Truly this Slave Confederacy is a defiance to modern civilization, and to the genius of this enlightened age. He who sympathizes with it, sympathizes with such an aggregation of pirates, robbers, perjurers, man-stealers, law-breakers and traitors, as the world never witnessed before. It stinks in the nostrils of humanity. Let the abominable pest perish utterly. . . We are no prophet, but we predict that before the close of this Summer, the nation will be almost a unit on the policy of using negro soldiers, and the rebel troops in all quarters will be attacked and defeated by negro soldiers, who will fight with a desperate valor and ferocity that will startle the world. How horror-stricken these rebel fiends will be when they see their chattels turn upon them and attack them with resistless fury and vengeance. Let the negro regiments be hurled upon the scoundrels, and let their battle-cry be PORT HUDSON and MILLIKEN'S BEND. It will save the lives of a hundred thousand white soldiers.

. . . The path to safe and enduring peace for Tennessee lies straight through the complete destruction of slavery. To dally and tamper with conservatism or pro-slaveryism will surely involve her in still greater trouble and difficulty. If she wishes to obtain happiness she must first be just. She cannot, at this day, expect to enjoy her own rights while she cruelly and dishonestly disregards and withholds the inalienable rights of others. And we are pleased to know that thousands of her citizens are warmly in favor of the removal of slavery, and that their ranks are recruiting continually. All see the astonishing change which is coming over the people on this question.

SPICY LETTER FROM PARSON BROWNLOW.

From The Philadelphia Press.

Being constantly employed, I have but little leisure for writing. Still, I send you this brief epistle, to show you, in part, what is going on among us here. The "glorious Fourth" was never celebrated here upon a more extensive and patriotic scale. The music, the banners, the procession, and the march to the Grove were all grand beyond description, and upon a scale equal to the occasion. Professor McCoy delivered the oration, and occupied a space of two hours and a half. The address was well received. In our neighboring town of Edgefield, just over the Cumberland River, there was a second celebration going on, largely attended, and the Hon. Horace Maynard delivered the oration, an effort characterized by his usual ability, giving entire satisfaction. There were thousands in attendance, both of citizens and soldiers, and everything went off in fine style. There was a third celebration, which in interest and novelty far excelled the other two. There were about 1,500 to 2,000 "American citizens of African descent" in a procession, with music, banners, and sashes displayed. One of these, the servant of Mr. French, of this city, who reads and writes very well, read the Declaration of Independence, and commented on it as he progressed. When he came to the sentence, "All men are born free and equal," he exclaimed that this doctrine had been proclaimed a great many years ago, but had never been acted out until recently! The negro question has greatly changed in its tone, purposes, and progress, in this quarter; and many native-born Tennessee slaveholders are out and out in favor of destroying the institution. Indeed, well-informed men agree that the South has destroyed slavery by bringing on this rebellion. The slaves themselves are becoming bold and defiant. But the other day, the sister of Mrs. Gen. Barrow undertook to correct her negro woman for disobedience, when the servant girl turned upon her and actually chastised her! A Mr. Sharp, a secession school teacher, undertook to chastise a negro man for personal insolence, when the negro knocked him down and stamped him. This was on the 4th, the negro quoting the Declaration, "all men are born free and equal!" So we are having it all over the South. I call it negro rights! Our State Convention was well attended, not less than two hundred members being present, and hailing from more than forty Counties. We had harmony and talents in the Convention, and called upon the Governor to issue writs of election so as to convene a loyal Legislature at as early a day as practicable. We are getting the rebels out of Middle and West Tennessee, and as soon as we can expel them from East Tennessee, we shall rebuild the fabric of civil society, drive from power and place all rebel villains and demagogues, and restore law and order.

So far as the rebellion is concerned, it is thought to be on its last legs. You are doing a good job for the rebels in Pennsylvania, Grant has ruined them in the South, and Rosecrans is on middle ground, driving them into Georgia. There never was such a chase on earth as our army had after Bragg's rebel forces. They fled in every direction, in wild confusion, and more horror-stricken than if the devil had been after them. They left guns, side-arms, blankets, hats, caps, canteens, knapsacks, haversacks, horses, wagons, saddles, cooking utensils, and everything they possessed, strewn along the road and in the woods. They took to the bushes in wild confusion, and panic-stricken; hundreds plunged into Duck river, and hundreds were drowned. Fifty rebels have been picked out of one hole in Duck river, near Shelbyville. The tyrant and beast, Bragg, went in advance of his demoralized army, to prepare quarters and rations for them. The retreat was conducted by the Right Reverend Major-General Bishop Leonidas Polk, who, with his prayer-book in one hand, and a bottle of liquor in the other, and eyes lifted toward heaven, asked the blessing of God upon his rations, and that of Davis upon his army! But on they went, and they are going yet! They have crossed the Tennessee river, and destroyed the great bridge at Bridgeport. If they make any stand at all, my opinion is, it will not be on this side of Atlanta. There they will be reënforced by General Joe Johnston and the remnant of Lee's army. Thousands of Bragg's men have deserted—some taking to the mountains of Middle Tennessee, and some coming into our lines, giving themselves up, and going into our ranks. Two of our regiments recruited fifty of them in one day last week, among whom is Lieutenant Runde a son of the old East Tennessee Congressman. I have conversed with young Runde, for he was once an apprentice to the printing business in my office in Knoxville. He tells me there are 10,000 of Bragg's army disposed to desert, and resolved not to leave Tennessee. On the retreat, they placed all the Tennessee conscripts in front, and drove them before the Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi troops. Runde was a conscript, caught in the attempt to bring a company into Kentucky, some eight months ago. . . . The great question with us is, when will East Tennessee be redeemed? It will astonish my friends in the loyal States when I tell them, as I now do, that East Tennessee has 20,000 men in the Federal army, and 20,000 more ready to join them when they are furnished with arms, and released from the caves in the mountains and the jails in the South. Neither Massachusetts nor Vermont is more loyal to this government than is East Tennessee—glorious East Tennessee. May her Union citizens live forever! And may her hills, valleys, and streams live in song and in history, when Old Time is dead and gone!

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Nashville, July 13. W. G. BROWNLOW.

RECONSTRUCTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of Bennett's Herald.

NEWBERN, N. C., July 12, 1863.

HON. BRADFORD BROWN, State Senator from Caswell County, N. C., has taken open ground for a reconstruction of the Union. It is understood, and as much is admitted by the Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard*, that a majority of her Legislature and Sovereign Convention, concur with Mr. Brown, but it is thought in Raleigh that she cannot with safety to herself throw off the rebel yoke so long as the rebel army holds Virginia, or until there is a sufficient Federal force to sustain her in such an effort.

Hon. John A. Gilmer and other extensive slaveholders in this State are said to be in favor of the gradual emancipation system, which it is understood North Carolina will be required to accept as the chief condition of settlement between her and the Federal States.

Later intelligence from the Legislature now in session at Raleigh, confirms the report that many of its members have come out for the immediate repeal of the act of secession, passed by the sovereign convention of this State, and for the recall home, by Governor Vance, of the North Carolina troops, from the rebel army at once, should Gen. Lee's army be annihilated or prevented from reaching this State. The repeal of this act may take place at any moment, otherwise matters will remain as above stated. It is said that while the discussion of repealing the act of secession was going on, a distinguished member suggested a foreign war as a method of cementing the States together, which was applauded to the echo, all parties joining.

[*Per contra*, we have another dispatch to *The Herald* of the same date as the above, as follows:]

The stories put in circulation by some weak-headed persons about the leading rebels being desirous to wheel North Carolina back into the Union, are only laughed at here by those who are at all acquainted with the actual condition of the public sentiment in the interior, or have the remotest conception of the intentions and designs of the ruling rebels, as indicated by their public acts. The Legislature now in session at Raleigh is busily engaged, not in discussing the ways and means of getting back into the old Union, but in strengthening the credit of the "so-called Southern Confederacy," and in adopting measures for the more complete defence of the State against the advance of the Union forces. The report that Major-General Foster has received any authorized overtures from leading rebels about the restoration of North Carolina to the Union, is a fable. It would be strange, indeed, if he had—for it is but a few days since he sent an expedition into the adjoining country, and had it cleaned, "without distinction of party," of everything our brave cavalry boys could lay their hands on. Surely if there were Union sympathizers to be found, some little discrimination would have been shown in their behalf. But we do not hear that many were discovered. The fall of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee may, however, soon have a cheering and salutary effect upon the North Carolinians, as well as upon other States that find the rebellion a losing business with them. But the stubbornness of these rebels is past all comprehension; and it is a doubtful matter whether they will acknowledge themselves whipped even after they have been soundly drubbed in the estimation of the North and all the rest of civilized creation, and when they have no other recourse than to return to the bosom of the old and honored and stronger armed brotherhood of the Union. Nevertheless, there are, doubtless, many malcontents, who, disgusted with their present rulers, are ready to fly back to the old Union whenever they can do so with a certainty that their necks will be in no danger if they should be caught in the act of seeking an asylum within the good old fold.

RECONSTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of Bennett's Herald.

WASHINGTON, July 10.

EARLY in June last a Committee of Louisiana planters (whose names are given in the correspondence which follows) waited upon President Lincoln, at the White House, with a petition in behalf of the great planting interest of the State for authority from the General government to proceed to the election (in November next) of Federal and State officers, in pursuance of the Constitution of the United States and of the existing State Constitution of Louisiana. The President heard the Committee, received their proposition in writing, and courteously dismissed them, with the promise that after a Cabinet consultation on the subject the Committee should have his reply. There was, accordingly, a Cabinet consultation, and the result is given in the President's letter, herewith transmitted. When it is remembered that the existing State Constitution of Louisiana is strongly pro-slavery, the spirit and purpose of the ruling elements of the Cabinet will be pretty well understood. Mr. Secretary Chase and his abolition associates in the Administration, and the radical political faction by which they are supported, simply mean, if they can accomplish it, that none of the States committed to the rebellion shall be restored to the Union without being shorn of the institution of slavery.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LETTER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, June 19, 1863.

Messrs. E. E. MATHIOT, BRADISH JOHNSTON *and* THOMAS COTTMAN.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter, which follows, has been received and considered:

To his Excellency ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States.*

The undersigned, a Committee appointed by the planters of the State of Louisiana, respectfully represent that they have been delegated to seek of the General government a full recognition of all the rights of the State as they existed previous to the passage of an act of secession, upon the principle of the existence of the State Constitution unimpaired, and no legal act having transpired that could in any way deprive them of the advantages conferred by the Constitution. Under this Constitution the State wishes to return to its full allegiance in the enjoyment of all rights and privileges exercised by the other States under the Federal Constitution. With the view of accomplishing the desired object, we further request that your Excellency will, as Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States, direct the Military Governor of Louisiana to order an election, in conformity with the Constitution and laws of the State, on the first Monday of November next, for all State and Federal officers.

With high consideration and respect, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves your obedient servants,

E. E. MATHIOT,
BRADISH JOHNSTON,
THOS COTTMAN.

Since receiving the letter reliable information has reached me that a respectable portion of the Louisiana people desire to amend their State Constitution, and contemplate holding a convention for that object. This inclines, as it seems to me, is a sufficient reason why the General government should not give the Committee the authority you seek to act under the existing State Constitution. I may add, that while I do not perceive how such a committal could facilitate our military operations in Louisiana, I really apprehend it might be so used as to embarrass them.

As to an election to be held next November, there is abundant time without any order or proclamation from me just now. The people of Louisiana shall not lack an opportunity for a fair election for both Federal and State officers by want of anything within my power to give them.

Your obedient servant, A. LINCOLN.

New Orleans Correspondence of The Tribune.

We are pleased to learn that the President made the reply that he did to Dr. Thomas Cottman and Company, who are in Washington pretending to represent forty of the parishes of Louisiana—when in truth they don't represent one; above all, the parish of Orleans, containing one-third of the population of the State, is not represented by them. The entire thing is a hole and corner affair of a few men in the interest of slavery. They are self-elected men—were never appointed by the people of any parish in this State. At a *private meeting*, held in the St. Charles Hotel on May 12, a few planters constituted themselves the representatives of the people of Louisiana, and a Committee of three was appointed to go to Washington to forward *their* interest—i. e., the slaveholding interest.

There never has been any meeting other than the one referred to above held, so you can see in what way they represent forty parishes. The slaveholding race are like the Stuarts—"they learn nothing, and forget nothing."

From The Chicago Tribune.

The progress of Union sentiment in Louisiana is steady and encouraging. Her thinking men are rapidly coming to the conclusion that their highest interests are inseparably connected with the free States. As soon as the Mississippi is opened—and it cannot be delayed many days or weeks at most—the country will see the loyal sentiment of Louisiana demanding a speedy restoration of that State to her old position in the Federal Union.

A friend of one of the editors of *The Tribune*, whose position gives him the best opportunity to form correct opinions on public affairs, writing from New Orleans under date of June 9th, says:

"There are Union associations in each district of the city—their numbers are large and increasing. There are several Union Leagues here also. They are strong in numbers, but how strong would be contraband for me to write. A Convention is soon to be held in this State for the purpose of adopting a new State Constitution. The people of this city, and the loyal ones in the country, are earnestly considering the subject. A new Constitution will be adopted. IT WILL BE A FREE ONE. The soil of Louisiana will be *free soil*. There will be free speech and a free press, and there will be from this time forward *free labor* in all this beautiful State, so rich in soil, so productive in sugar and coffee, so full of all the elements, which if properly developed, under a free Constitution and liberal laws, are so directly adapted to make its people wealthy, intelligent and happy. The reign of negro slavery and aristocratic cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco lords has come to an end in Louisiana, and indeed in all the States of the so-called Southern Confederacy. The negroes are enlisting in large numbers. At Port Hudson they fought like tigers—all speak highly of their bravery. 'Niggers' will fight. Copperheads must try another dodge. Notwithstanding all their croaking about 'nigger cowardice' and 'nigger equality,' they *will fight*, and the 'nigger equality' has only appeared in the sterling quality of their courage.

"All our people here are firm and hopeful. The army especially is in the best of spirits. The river will soon be opened, and then we shall all shout loud and long, 'THE UNION NOW AND FOREVER—ONE AND INSEPARABLE.'"

REBEL EXULTATION OVER THE NEW YORK RIOTS.

THE RICHMOND PRESS.

From The Richmond Dispatch, July 18.

WE have some intelligence from the North, this morning, *far more welcome, and much more important, than foreign intervention. The peace meetings in New York, so bitterly ridiculed by the unthinking—those safe parallels by which the anti-war people of the North were working into open resistance to Lincoln's government—have borne their fruit.* The white flag has been suddenly lowered, and the red battle flag now waves in New York over streets wet with the gore of Lincoln's hated minions. This grand movement in New York is but the precursor of a series of similar outbreaks. Already have riots followed in Hartford, Conn., and Newark, N. J., and in a few days we shall hear from the West. These demonstrations may, and doubtless will, be put down by the iron hand of the military, *but there will be no enforcement of the draft after quiet is restored.* These people have elected to die in the streets rather than submit to the hateful tyranny of Lincoln, and have proved themselves in earnest by pouring out their blood. *They have shown a spirit which Lincoln, too glad to see subside, will never again rouse.* Already he is cowering before it, and telegraphs to Gov. Seymour that the draft will be suspended in New York. When he shall have had time to fill the city with troops this promise may not be respected; *but he cannot fill all, or even a half dozen, of the large cities at the North with sufficient force to enforce the conscription. He has not the men to spare, and we may very safely conclude that the days as well as the soldiers of the Federal army are numbered.* There will be no addition to its strength, and it is confessed on all hands that the present Yankee force under arms can never begin to subdue the Confederacy. *Let us have more of these outpourings—a few more great cities on the mourners' bench—some more gutting and sacking of houses, and hanging and mutilating of men. It saves the Confederate troops a deal of marching and fighting, and lops off many a dreary month of this war. The sacking and burning has been heretofore at the South. Our compliments to our Northern "brethren," and may they enjoy their turn.*

From The Richmond Enquirer, July 18.

Riot, murder and conflagration have begun in New York. It is a world's wonder that this good work did not commence long ago; and this excellent outbreak may be the opening scene of the inevitable revolution which is to tear to pieces the most rotten society, and leave the Northern half of the old American Union a desert of blood-soaked ashes. We bid it good speed.

But all this may have little or no effect on the war, at least for a long time. Let us not deceive ourselves, for internal revolution and even utter ruin in a nation by no means weakens it for foreign aggression, of which revolutionary France is a notable example. The news is cheering to us, indeed, because it portends the breaking down of the whole structure of Yankee society. Yet the process may be long; and, in the meantime, the desperate energy of their war for conquest of the Confederacy may grow more furious for a season.

No matter; we can, at least, now see to the end of it. This one insurrection may be suppressed for the moment, but it will be the parent of other and still worse convulsions. We have but to persevere in our determined resistance, gird ourselves to the task of winning our independence more sternly than ever, yet a little while, and we shall see the giant, but hollow bulk of the Yankee nation bursting into fragments, and rushing down into perdition in flames and blood. Amen.

From The Richmond Examiner, July 18.

The Northern files received last night contain intelligence of sufficient interest to demand all the available space of this journal. The great riot of New York possesses a political and military significance of the highest and most absorbing character. Immediately after the battle of Gettysburg the Washington government issued an order for the peremptory draft of 300,000 men under the Conscription act of the Federal Congress. Hitherto this step had been only threatened, but now the officers of the law actually made it. The draft was made by lot at the police offices for the different districts of New York, and the names of the persons drawn for the army advertised in *The Herald*. The population then, for the first time, appeared to have realized the fact, and an organized riot of the most extensive and determined character commenced. The police were attacked, in many places routed, and their stations demolished. The *Tribune* office was broken into, fired, and only saved by the military. Many other houses were gutted and fired. Negroes were in all cases pursued with the most sanguinary intentions, and many killed. The military were called out and fired on the mob. It dispersed only to reassemble elsewhere. These terrible scenes continued up to the last date, but are now, no doubt, appeased. For, in the papers of the 15th, the statement appears that Gov. Seymour has announced, by authority from Washington, that the draft on New York York city is withdrawn, and the Common Council has appropriated a sum of money sufficient to purchase the legal exemption of the whole number of conscripts demanded of New York. So the resistance to the draft has been successful. There will be no draft in New York. Nor will there be a draft anywhere else. Communities which have not the means of resistance will, like New York, through their municipal bodies pay the money. But in the Western States neither the money nor the men will be given. This affair is a revolution. We here get a glimpse of what is slumbering under the shoddy. What would have happened had Lee won the last day of Gettysburg? No one can doubt that the war would have ended in a month. Whatever contractors and office-holders pretend, the people of the North are tired of the war, and will no longer furnish army after army to be slaughtered for the fruitless purpose of destroying the Southern States and driving its population into exile. It is useless to indulge in unavailing regrets. The chance of battle has for once fallen against that fine army of Virginia, and if Meade's last dispatches are true, the passage of the Potomac, swollen by the rains, was not the clean thing we had hoped. He claims to have captured two thousand prisoners of the rear guard. If the garrisons of Vicksburg and Port Hudson are to be counted in the exchange, the balance, lately in favor of the South, is now against it:

ROMAN CATHOLIC SENTIMENT.

[In singular contrast with the utterances of Archbishop Hughes to the New York rioters are the addresses of the Bishops of Buffalo and Cleveland.]

JOHN, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE AUTHORITY OF THE HOLY SEE, BISHOP OF BUFFALO.

To the Dearly Beloved, Faithful Laity of the Diocese, Health and Benediction.

DEARLY BELOVED: In the name of the God of Charity, and through that charity which He, who called us to be your Bishop, has given us for you; through that charity of Christ in us, however unworthy, through which we would cheerfully give our life, if necessary, for each and every one of you; we beg of you, for Christ's sake, and for the sake of all that you love in heaven and on earth, to abstain from all resistance to law, from all riot, from all tumultuous gatherings, from all violence.

In New York, many misguided men, yet very few, we believe, of practical Catholics, have shed blood in the late riot; and "the voice of their brother's blood *crieth to the Lord* from the earth." Some of the rioters have fallen, many more will, we fear, suffer much, many will, perhaps, be ruined; *all* will feel the painful sting of a guilty conscience, during the rest of life, and on their death-bed (if, indeed, rioters who aid in murder could die otherwise than is written: "He that shall kill by the sword, must be killed by the sword." Apoc. xiii., 10) they will, either through God's mercy, sincerely repent for their participation in the riots, or be lost forever! Dearly beloved, listen to the advice of a father who dearly loves you; submit to law and God will protect you. Should there be a draft, fewer will be drafted than would, probably, be killed in an unholy struggle against law. And if any of you be drafted, we will try to protect and aid; friends will protect and aid; God will protect, aid and bless, in more ways than we know or dare name. Withdraw yourselves, then, we beg and exhort, from all who would excite to associations against the law of the land, or to violence and mob law. For God's sake—for the sake of your dear families—for the sake of your fathers and mothers, whether still pilgrims on earth or mingling with the "blessed crowd of witnesses" who from heaven watch over your conduct on earth—we exhort you to *trust in God*, and not to lend yourselves to any exciter to mob violence, which leads so often to murder. If you follow this advice of your Father in Christ, we confidently assure you that "Whosoever shall follow this rule, *peace will be upon him, and mercy*, and upon the Israel of God." Gal. vi.

We require that this letter be read in every church on the Sunday after its reception.

Given at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, A. D. MDCCCLXIII.

† JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

GOOD ADVICE FROM BISHOP RAPPE.

From The Cleveland Herald, July 20.

Bishop Rappe yesterday morning preached a sermon in the Cathedral on the subject of the riots in New York. He was unsparing in bitter denunciation of the mob that had committed such outrages. He warned his hearers against any act that tended in any degree to provoke such scenes here. He said that the laws must be obeyed, and the conscription law must be quietly submitted to among the rest. He urged the members of his flock to attend strictly to their business, and not even to discuss the question of the draft. If any of them were drafted, and could not procure exemption, they must do their duty to their country as soldiers.

If the drafted man was poor, and no provision was made by the City or County for the relief of his family, they should be cared for by the Church.

He warned them not to ill-treat the colored people. A colored man had as much right to live, and to enjoy his life as a white man had, and their rights must be protected. It was cowardly and sinful to molest those people because their skin was of a different color.

He also spoke against the practice of demanding extortionate wages. It was wrong and wicked to extort from employers more than the fair price of their labor.

Finally he warned them not to provoke a breach of the peace in any manner, and said that he had pledged his word as a Catholic Bishop to the citizens of Cleveland that there should be no disturbance from the Catholic Irish, and he looked to them that his pledge should not be broken.

The Cathedral was crowded with Irish Catholics during the sermon. We have confidence that should any disturbance take place in the city, the Catholic Irish who follow the advice of their pastors will not be found among the rioters.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WHITE LABORER.

From The Catholic Telegraph, July 8.

So long as slavery exists in the South, you cannot hope to be respected there, because if you are poor your honesty will not protect you from the sneer of the master or the laughter of the slave.

So long as slavery exists in the South, the white laboring man can never acquire a title in fee to the land. Small farmers are unknown in slave States, except in some sterile spots, where living at all is hardship.

So long as slavery exists in the South, the richest and noblest portion of the United States is shut against the feet of the white laborer. The most he can expect is to have a Winter's work on the levee, or exhaust soul and body on a steamboat in some menial capacity.

So long as slavery exists in the South, neither Catholic church, nor school, nor Catholic colony will be found there. The lands will be as barren as those of South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Tennessee, etc.

So long as slavery exists in the South, the white laborer will be treated worse than the slave. He will be looked upon, as Hammond, the South Carolina Senator, said, as a "mudsill," a thing to be trod on, and scrape your shoes on, and then left to rot and be cast aside.

So long as slavery exists in the South, the aristocratic or oppressive classes will rule. Manual labor of any kind will be treated with contempt. The children of the white laborer will be taught by slavery to despise their parentage. A public opinion unknown or suppressed in the free, is all-powerful in the slave States, and by this "the pride of life" is established in the high places, and those who do not bow down before the idol must seek a home elsewhere.

FORTITUDE OF THE NEGROES.

From The Tribune.

POLICEMEN, soldiers, and citizens who came into direct communication with the negroes during the recent disturbance in the city, speak in the highest terms of the remarkable fortitude which they exhibited during the period of peril and alarm, and the still more extraordinary magnanimity which has characterized their conduct since. Driven utterly destitute from their homes, hounded about the streets like wild beasts, threatened with a cruel death at every turn, and cursed as the vilest of created things, they have returned neither cursings nor revilings, but have preserved throughout a calm front and an attitude of demeanor which, in the whites, we designate as a mark of nobility.

He who reflects upon the situation of the negroes during the week of riot, cannot fail to see something of sublimity in their carriage, something of grandeur in their undaunted tranquility. The soldier who, with troops of comrades marching shoulder to shoulder, faces the enemy in the bloody contest, receives from all of us a just tribute of valor. We recognize the courage which is requisite to such a deed under the most favorable circumstances, and greet it with applause. What then shall we say for the negroes of New York? They faced with steady front a foe more terrible than any enemy in the field thundering with artillery. In the silence of their rooms they heard the howl of a savage mob thirsting for their blood. They could not feel that the chances were largely in favor of any single individual's safety. They could not calculate that if taken prisoners they would be treated with decent care. All which softens the soldier's terror was absent in their case. They were not called to engage in a magnificent struggle, where the issue was doubtful. Far otherwise. Maddened, cruel, brutal, bloodthirsty rioters were yelling for their prey, that they might tear it into pieces, and trample it under their feet. Hopeless, helpless, tortured in spirit, they endured the hours of the city's paralysis and the mob's triumph. Such strength of mind and firmness of soul in the white race we laud with panegyrics and crown with honors. What shall be said of it in the black?

EMANCIPATION IN THE DUTCH COLONIES.

ON this first day of July, in the year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, Forty-Five Thousand slaves, in the colony of Surinam, and in the islands adjacent, will be free. With the last stroke of the midnight, of this present month of June, their bondage ceases; the shackles fall from their limbs; they leap at once into freedom. God be praised for this addition to the free citizens of the world! for this further instalment on the enormous debt of right and justice civilization owes to the negro! For many years the slaves in the Dutch colonies have known of the efforts which were being made to ensure their freedom, and for some months now they have counted the days, the hours, the minutes, which intervened between them and liberty. Who can conceive, who shall attempt to describe the feelings of the people, in the certainty of approaching freedom? To-day a chattel; a labor-machine; a thing without rights; without legal family tie or obligation; without progeny to call his own, although the parent of children; liable to be flogged, maimed, tortured, worked to the extreme of physical endurance, yet laboring for another's behoof; lying down as a beast of burden, rising to worse than a beast of burden's toil, because sensible of injustice, wrong, outrage; this all his life past; this yesterday; this to-day; this to-night! then, suddenly, a man! born to a new life; a life of hope, of responsibility, of self-knowledge, of self-respect; born anew to kindred, family, society; to full social manhood; to right, to justice—in a word, to freedom! Is there a father, is there a mother, blessed with offspring, who have seen apparently certain death laying cold finger on a beloved little one; who have stood by the young sufferer's bed, watching with beating heart, convulsive sob and tearful eye, the departing life; are there such who cannot recall the intense joy that swelled their bosom when the shadow of the destroyer passed away, and hope revived with a new-born life? Let such place themselves now side by side with the slave-mother and the slave-father, whose offspring, their own and not their own, momently liable to be stolen away, and therefore to be lost to them as though daily dying in fact, are suddenly restored to them in full inalienable possession, and they may perhaps realize the exceeding great joy of the slaves, who will be at once free, at the last chime of midnight on this coming 30th of June and who, then, for the first time, may call their children their own.

Yet, between the man of now, this minute, and the chattel-thing of one moment ago, what essential difference exists? Only one second of time between the thing slave and the being man! Who created the distinction? Clearly he who abolishes it. It never existed, it never can exist in nature; and what is against nature is against God, and therefore sin in the highest degree. May His holy name be praised! Holland, fourth amongst the emancipating nations, has purged herself, at last, of this national iniquity. Welcome! Thrice welcome the omen! Alas, NINE MILLIONS OF THE OPPRESSED RACE yet remain in bondage! May the midnight chime of the 30th June be the first stroke of their dawn of freedom!

But is there not here visible work for the friends of negro freedom? Shall they desist from their labors, while so many millions of their fellow-creatures remain slaves—chattel slaves? Forbid it humanity! Forbid it religion! Let them take courage. The moral world, like the physical, does move. Looking at what has been already achieved, and at what is on the eve of accomplishment abroad, let the abolitionist Galileos of to-day exclaim, *e puer se muovo*, and take courage.—*London A. S. Reporter.*

REPLY OF NEW YORK MINISTERS

TO THE ADDRESS OF THE MANCHESTER ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE.

From The Methodist.

A DEPUTATION from the Manchester Conference was sent to this country to present the address of that body "to Ministers and Pastors of all Christian Denominations throughout the States of America"; said delegation consisting of the Rev. James W. Massie, D.D., LL. D., and the Rev. J. H. Rylance.

Upon the arrival of these gentlemen in New York, a meeting of clergymen representing the denominations was held at the Bible House, at which the deputation were cordially welcomed, and a committee was appointed to prepare a suitable response. The committee reported the result of their labors at an adjourned meeting of the clergymen, which was held at the Bible House on the 10th inst. The address submitted in their report was unanimously adopted by the ministers assembled, who determined to append their signatures to it, and to present it to the consideration of their fellow-ministers throughout the country, who are requested, if they approve the address to add their own signatures. Ten thousand copies of the address have been put in circulation in the United States, and it is hoped that by this means, and by publication of the address in the newspapers, it may reach every clergyman in the country.

Those who approve the address and wish their signatures to be added to it, are requested to send their names to the Secretary, No. 26 West Thirty-sixth street, New York City.

We append the address:

REVEREND AND DEAR BRETHREN: We have received with much pleasure the "Address to Ministers and Pastors of all Christian Denominations throughout the States of America," adopted by the "Anti-Slavery Conference of Ministers of Religion," held in the city of Manchester, on the 3d of June, 1863, and presented to us by the Rev. James W. Massie, D.D., LL.D., of London, and the Rev. J. H. Rylance, M.A., of Westminister, who were appointed a deputation for that purpose.

The personal character of the gentlemen composing this deputation, and the honorable and dignified assemblage which they represent, bespeak for the Address our most respectful attention. And its importance is enhanced by the consideration that it represents not only the immediate Conference at Manchester, but also 4,000 ministers of Great Britain, and 750 ministers of France, who had agreed in protesting against the recognition of "a Confederacy which lays down as the corner-stone of its Constitution the system of slavery as it exists at present in the Southern States." That so many intelligent and thoughtful men in the ministry of the Gospel should have united in such a protest, is equally honorable to them and gratifying and encouraging to us.

Perhaps we ought not to wonder, and certainly we will not now complain, that the severe struggle in which we are engaged, is looked upon by our Transatlantic brethren so exclusively in its relations to the 4,000,000 of Africans held in bondage upon our soil. As Christian men, we also are fully awake to the sin and the shame of American slavery, and are instant in prayer to God, that the time may be at hand when this hateful institution, which has inspired the present gigantic rebellion, shall be utterly destroyed.

But we are Americans, contending in arms for the preservation of our national life, and for all the great interests of Constitutional liberty and order, which are at stake on the issue of this conflict. The dismemberment of our Republic would be, not merely the loss of territory and power to the Federal Union, not merely the ruin of existing forms and institutions of government, but the downfall of constitutional liberty itself upon the North American Continent. Nor can there be any well-founded hope of ultimate deliverance for the enslaved among us, but in the triumph of our arms between antagonistic civilizations—the one asserting and vindicating the dignity of labor, the other scorning labor, and trampling it under foot.

That we are to succeed in this struggle, and by the blessing of God come out of it an unbroken nation, we do not doubt. It appears to us also to be the purpose of Providence, that the rebellion and its guilty cause shall be buried in the same grave. In this, as Christian men, we do greatly rejoice. It sweetens the bitterness of our present lot to believe, that in vindicating, against an inexcusable conspiracy, the just and beneficent authority of the nation, at so great a cost of treasure and blood, we are at the same time serving the cause of universal liberty.

We thank you, Dear Brethren, for your words of cheer. We rejoice in the fellowship of the Saints. And most heartily do we unite our prayers with yours, that the powerful Christian nations, to which we respectively belong, may never be arrayed against each other in deadly strife, but may stand up together for the maintenance of righteousness, of peace, and of freedom. And to this end, may the Christian people of these nations cultivate a mutual respect and regard, and be ready to coöperate in any good work for the welfare of mankind, and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in the world.

FRANCIS H. VINTON, Chairman.

JOSEPH T. DURYEA, Secretary.

WHAT THE RIOTERS ARE NOT.

From The Tribune.

WE have had testimony enough from all sorts and conditions of men, except the vile in life and the depraved in principle, as to what the Anti-Draft Rioters of the last week were. The unanimous testimony of all who had any testimony to give, has been that these people who burned dwelling-houses and orphan asylums, who attacked without provocation policemen and soldiers, who beat, hanged, burned, and mutilated unoffending negroes, who pillaged and robbed far and wide over the city, and established a four days reign of terror until the support of United States troops enabled the Metropolitan Police force to restore order, however they may have differed as to morals and manners and occupation and purpose, had one universal bond of union. They were Pro-Slavery Democrats. They were a part of the rank and file of that malignant, restless, reckless faction which, startled into a semblance of patriotism by the guns of Sumter, soon fell away at the bidding of their leaders, when it was found that the absolute and permanent triumph of the National cause would result in their extinction as a party. They were the followers of Fernando Wood, that made him twice Mayor of New York, and that assembled at his Peace Meeting to cheer him while he denounced, not the measures of the government for the putting down of the rebellion, but the attempt to put it down at all, while he glorified Vallandigham, and declared that the generals and the statesmen of the confederated slaveholders were so superior to those of the Republic that we were no match for them either in the Cabinet or the field. In brief, to a man they were Copperheads. We do not say that all Copperheads were rioters. Far from it. But we do say that it is morally certain that every rioter was a Copperhead; and that of the too many men of substance and education who palliate, excuse, and almost justify the riot, and who would make it the occasion of the practical nullification of a law of Congress in this State, every man is a Pro-Slavery Democrat—a Copperhead.

But setting aside this positive testimony, there is certain negative evidence in the case which is of great significance. Amid all the reports and letters and rumors which have been spread abroad about these riots, there has yet to appear the first syllable implicating a Republican in any one of them. The draft has no connection with the principles of the Republican party. It simply supplies the supreme need of the nation for men to crush a rebellion against its constituted authorities. From its demands the Republicans have, directly or indirectly, no exemption. It presses upon them and upon the Democrats alike; and as far as the $300 clause is concerned, the fact is important, that of the rich men of New York far more are Democrats than Republicans. Yet no word of defiance, no threat of resistance, no murmur that we have heard, or heard of, has come from the lips of a Republican that the government summons him with the voice of authority to serve the country under the orders of a Democratic Secretary of War and a Democratic General-in-Chief.

This fact would be of less significance if it were isolated. But it is only a part of a uniform course of conduct by the Republicans ever since, and long before, they took form as a political party. Who ever heard of a Republican riot, or of disturbance and violence at the hands of Republicans? They have ever been men of peace, seeking the triumph of their principles only in peaceful, lawful ways. The press, the platform and the pulpit, have been their fields; thought and argument their only weapons. They have been mobbed singly and in their assemblies; their meetings have been broken up, and their [illegible] to [illegible] in consequence of the moment, they have never been provoked to violence. Persecuted and maltreated, they have not persecuted in return; but, asking only the protection of the laws, they have gone faithfully and unswervingly on to perform what they considered their duty of convincing the people of this country that the extension of slavery was both wrong and ruinous. The men who have destroyed their presses, beaten their leaders, and broken up their assemblies, have been without exception Democrats; and we have seen some of these precious protectors of the Constitution rewarded for their violence by offices of such importance that they should never be filled except by men of high character and ability. But who ever heard of a Democratic meeting, or a Union-as-it-was-and-a-Constitution-as-it-is meeting, or

been the counterparts of a great revolutionary plot. It did not break out on the Fourth of July for two reasons: the joy and enthusiasm of the people over the victory of Gettysburg, and the retreat of the rebel army made it impracticable and dangerous at the same time that those events, which so completely reversed the expected "situation," took away all pretext for the insurrection which Lee's success was meant to give. No wonder that Gov. Seymour, in his address at the Academy of Music on that day, had no word of congratulation to offer to the country on the dawning promise of a speedy peace by the suppression of rebellion, but could only use an occasion sacred to liberty to incite his hearers by denunciations of the government, calculated, if they moved them at all, to prolong the war by spreading it Northward. He and his fellow-conspirators knew that with the overthrow of their Southern friends, their own chances of attaining to political power were gone forever. The fall of Vicksburg, which practically ended the rebellion in the Valley of the Mississippi, followed close upon the defeat of Lee, which was the beginning of the end on the seaboard; Charleston, there was every reason to suppose, would presently be added to the list of Federal successes. It was clear enough that the blow at the North which was meant to be the crowning glory of rebel victory, must be resorted to as a last desperate attempt to save the rebellion from utter annihilation. A ready pretext was found in the ensuing draft, and the Copperhead press redoubled its efforts to arouse discontent, to excite the poor against the rich, to let loose in a populous city the dogs of havoc and of license, trusting to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm, and organize riots into revolution. How well the rioters themselves understood that encouragement to resistance to the draft was meant to be given them, was shown clearly enough by the effect of the extraordinary speech of Gov. Seymour. At no time during the whole week was the riot so rampant in this neighborhood, at no time were the determined efforts of the police so necessary to suppress it, as within the few hours between noon and dark immediately subsequent to the time when Gov. Seymour addressed the rioters as his "noble-hearted friends." Nor did the Governor and his advisers adopt any other policy than that of *controlling*—not *subduing*—the riot till they saw that such a task was hopeless. He attempted to restrain Gen. Brown from the use of ball-cartridge, while his partisans urged military commanders to retire and leave the mob to their sweet persuasions, and lest martial law should be declared, he was induced to declare the city in a state of insurrection—a proclammation written for him by a Copperhead editor—that he might hold control over the military, and preclude all interference on the part of the Federal government.

Now, when we consider these facts, and draw from them the only deductions that they possibly admit of, an assertion that it is the intention of the State government to get into its own hands the military power of the State is one which cannot be prudently disregarded. It is precisely the thing it would attempt to do, whether the intention is to hold the loyal people of the State powerless in case of a revolution, or whether it means to resort to violent measures to put the State in an attitude of hostility to the General government. That a purpose to get the military power into its hands is entertained, evidence is accumulating. We have received an address of the officers of the 66th Regiment, in the 2d Assembly District, signed by James M. Newman, Chairman, and Wm. Pool, Secretary, stating the difficulties that have occurred in the organization of that regiment. These are not pertinent to the point in question, but the following testimony of Capt. Sachlenou, affirmed by Lieut. Pettit, is:

"I saw Col. McCrea, July 7, 1863. He said to me about noon, 'I did not want the office of Colonel in this District; but as it was pressed on me by men that I knew to be right for our Governor, I accepted. I will say to you, but confidentially, the object of this is to get this militia force into our hands—have proper men appointed—so if the Governor wishes to resist the National draft, which he intends to do, as he thinks it unconstitutional, he can do so safely, for he then will have proper men in office over this National Guard, so as to control it to his wish, resist the draft, and the people cannot help themselves, as they will have no military that they can control to their wish. I have this from headquarters, from gentlemen that saw the Governor on this subject. It is not only my own view of the matter, but the Governor's and our party's."

Such a statement, made over responsible names, should warn us that these Northern revolutionists are in earnest. They must be made to understand that their conspiracy is no longer a secret, and that a people forewarned and *forearmed* will know how to meet their treason.

A STARTLING REPORT.

From The Tribune.

THAT the Slaveholders' Confederacy, after living so long on the delusive hope of foreign intervention, would close its career by throwing itself into the arms of any despot or oligarchy that would accept so questionable a gift, is not surprising. The rebellion is so thoroughly un-American in its ideas and aims, so hostile to the spirit of the age, so completely impelled by influences and aspirations with which reactionists and liberticides alone can sympathize, that the following from *The Daily News* has great intrinsic probability. Mr. Ben. Wood, M.C., Editor of *The News*, has never given a vote in Congress, nor uttered a sentiment anywhere, that the rebels need object to, and he has earned and won their implicit confidence. We believe, therefore, that he has warrant for the following remarkable revelation, which takes the form of a letter from Washington. Read! read!

From The Daily News, July 27.

Since the return of Vice-President Stephens to Richmond, several facts have been brought to light calculated to make people think that his mission was not simply confined to the topics contained in Jeff. Davis's instructions, but had a far more important object in view.

A gentleman connected with the State Department tells me to-day that, independently of his public and ostensible mission, Mr. Stephens had been entrusted by the President of the Confederacy with a secret one—that the first was only a cloak to conceal the second; and that revelations of the greatest importance were at the bottom of the diplomatic transactions entrusted to his care.

This, it appears, has been discovered since the return of Mr. Stephens to Richmond, where his arrival was immediately followed by a Cabinet Council, and by the sending of a bearer of dispatches to London and Paris by Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

This bearer of dispatches carries with him, I am told, a proposition of alliance to Louis Napoleon, in which the Confederate government proposes to the Emperor of the French to acknowledge forever the right of France to a protectorate upon Mexico, and upon the republics of Central America, and the offer of free trade with the South for the term of twenty-five years.

At the same time, Jeff. Davis, in compliance with the well-known spirit of antagonism existing in Europe on the question of slavery, *proposes to modify that institution in a manner consistent with the requirements of civilization and humanity.*

In exchange, the President of the Confederate government demands the recognition of the South, and *the raising of the blockade;* and, should this measure cause a war between the Northern States and France, all that the Confederate government requires in such a case is the cooperation of her navy. Neither a man nor a musket is needed from Europe, but simply vessels of war and a few iron-clad ships.

Mr. Slidell, to whom these communications have been transmitted, is authorized to offer the same inducements to every nation that may feel inclined to comply with the wishes of the South, and particularly to Spain, to which *the possession of Cuba and the southern part of San Domingo would be guaranteed forever*, should she decide to lend her assistance to the permanent foundation of the Southern Confederacy.

I am also told that Mr. Slidell is invited to take advice of Louis Napoleon in everything belonging to the institutions to be hereafter framed by the Southern Confederacy, to solicit his opinions as regards the best means to be employed for the foundation south of Mason and Dixon's line *of a strong consolidated government*, and even to promise him a *Protectorate upon Texas*, should he deem the independence of that State necessary to his designs upon Mexico.

In fact, the proposition of Jeff. Davis to Louis Napoleon is that of offensive and defensive alliance, attended with as large concessions as a government can make to another without losing its freedom of action or dignity of character.

But before making these propositions to the Emperor of France and sacrificing the institution of slavery, Jeff. Davis sent Mr. Stephens with a secret message to Mr. Lincoln to advise him of the resolutions taken by his Cabinet, and to ask him whether he would not consent before applying to Europe for protection and support, and thereby to run the risk of injuring the democratic institutions of this country, to an armistice and to a convention of all the States for the settlement of the pending difficulties.

The mission of Mr. Stephens was then looking, as you will see, to the preservation of the free democratic institutions of the South, and was opposed to any encroachments by foreign power upon that country. The refusal of Mr. Lincoln to see him has baffled the project of Mr. Davis, and has apparently forced the South to place itself under the protectorate of the empires and monarchies of Europe—an event which may threaten the integrity of our own liberties in the North.

Whatever the proportions of truth to romance in this singular manifesto, we do not believe it would have been put forth at this time through *The News* without the fullest consultation and agreement among the leading partisans of the rebellion in Washington, Baltimore, and this city. These gentlemen *know* that the rebellion is on its last leg—that solitary limb being Lee's army—that it can neither raise, nor arm, nor provide, further armies in the South-West without foreign assistance. That it would very readily bargain to let France work her will in Mexico and Central America, and guarantee to Spain the possession of Cuba and St. Domingo, in return for material aid in this emergency we can well believe; that it would venture even contingently to mortage Texas to Napoleon and agree to abolish slavery, however remotely, we were not prepared to credit. The rebel chiefs have no more right to mortgage Texas to Napoleon than to sell him New England. But isn't it astounding to hear a secessionist talking of Jeff. Davis's willingness, in order to secure foreign aid, to "*modify the institution of slavery in a manner consistent with the requirements of civilization and humanity*"? When before did a secessionist ever admit that slavery is not in itself the perfection of both civilization and humanity?

But that the rebel chiefs have ever contemplated or desired an armistice and a Convention of the States, is most incredible. They might have had such a Convention for the asking, before rushing into this bloody war—nay, they would have had one *without* asking, had they chosen to desire it. President Lincoln suggested it; the Republicans proposed and unanimously supported it in the "Peace Congress"; but John Tyler, William C. Rives, Charles S. Morehead, and all the "Border-State men," now rebels, opposed it with all their might, and induced the Northern Democrats to vote it down—so here we are! We Republicans offered to submit to a Constitutional Convention, wherein we were certain to be outnumbered; our "conservative" antagonists would have no Convention, though they knew they could control it. And now they assert that we rushed into war!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1863.

THE ENEMY AT OUR DOORS.

WE may reasonably hope that we are touching upon the beginning of the end of the rebellion. Not the end of the end, nor even the middle thereof, but the beginning. The signal failure of the Northern conspiracy in its service, the headquarters of which were in this city, has been a heavy blow and great discouragement to its hopes. If a mob led by a Governor and blessed by an Archbishop, and permitted to gain head through the false humanity and hesitating weakness of a Republican Mayor, could not make an effectual diversion in its favor, even here, its trust in Northern help must be given up as past praying for. The ramifications of the plot, extending into all our cities and great towns, have scarcely made their existence known by overt acts. In Boston, where the only serious attempt was made, "a whiff of grape-shot," as Carlyle calls it, blew it into nothingness. Nowhere else, we believe, has there been any occasion for the actual interposition of the military arm. The police, with the potentiality of bullets, has been sufficient for the suppression of the enthusiasm of the friends of Jefferson Davis. Whether it might have been otherwise had Lee beaten Meade at Gettysburg, and had been in victorious march upon Baltimore, is a matter now only of unprofitable speculation. Probably not much, even in this city, although the providence of the Governor had removed most of the regiments relied upon for its defence out of the way of his "noble-hearted friends." The same instinct of self-preservation which squelched this same conspiracy two years ago last April, when it was all ready to break out, would not have permitted the riot to get much more head-way than it did. The Northern rebels miscalculated their own strength, as their Southern partners did, and hence the discomfiture of the one and of the other. The defeat at Gettysburg and the retreat of Lee into Virginia, together with the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the attack on Charleston, which must sooner or later succeed, added to the failure of the attempt to open a fire on the Nation from the streets of the great cities, to cumulate into a great Northern insurrection, make it reasonably probable that the days of the rebellion are numbered, though they may yet be not a few.

And when time enough shall have passed to permit us to take a complete view of the whole procession of events, we shall, undoubtedly, see that they could not have moved onward to the triumphant accomplishment of the work given them to do, excepting with a majestic slowness. It is a great Revolution in the midst of which we live. It is not an Insurrection, to be quelled and punished, and then all things to go on as before. It is a Revolution, which is to change the institutions of the Nation, and to give it a very different government from what it labored under before it began. And it is a revolution of which not all whose interests are not involved in its success see the bearings and comprehend the extent. Many there are who wish to see it curtailed of its fair proportions and robbed of its just victory. Of these, there is much reason to fear, there are but too many who will have the power, as well as the will, to do this mischief, if the opportunity should offer while it is a possible thing. The reaction must die slowly to be killed enectually. A hurried finishing up of its last moments would leave a deadly vitality lurking in its veins, which would soon revive into murderous strength again. We may console, ourselves, therefore, for what may seem to be ineffectual victories, or victories not fully followed up, by reflecting that we may have thus escaped a virtual surrender to the enemy. For any final arrangement that shall leave slavery alive will amount to a surrender at discretion. If that be suffered to come to pass, it must be accompanied by amnesty to the rebels, and restoration to them of their political rights, if not the assumption of their debt and compensation for their losses, on the principle that the greater includes the less. The toleration of slavery in the revolted States would imply all these consequences; because, even if not stipulated for in advance, the solid body of slaveholding legislators, joined to their loyal myrmidons of the Copperhead tribe, would be able to command them in no long time. For our escape from those calamities we have now, as we have had to all along, look rather to the persistency of the enemy than to that of our own side. And on this we think we may still confidently rely.

The Copperhead conspiracy having failed of the success it hoped for in the field, and in the streets, is already beginning to change its tactics. What it cannot do by force of arms, it will do its best to effect by craftiness and guile. Congress will be the scene of its next overt act, and the time between now and next December will be filled with preparations for moulding it to its designs. The preservation of slavery as an institution, partly from the hatred those conspirators feel towards the black race; but, chiefly, from the wish to maintain a political element of Union at the South which shall give them their old control over the affairs of the Nation and their former share in its spoils; the preservation of slavery as an institution will be the distinct object of a numerous, able and unscrupulous party, in and out of Congress. This fact ought not to be lost sight of for an instant by any earnest lover of his country, whether "technical Abolitionist" or not. The very sanguineness of temperament which marks almost all that class of minds—and without which it were hardly possible that they should exist at all—makes them the more liable to be deceived and outwitted. The philosophical necessity of slavery coming to an end at some time, and the political necessity of its coming to an end soon, being so clear to their minds, they may not be as awake as they should be to the possibility of its end being adjourned, if not *sine die*, at least to a distant day. Though execution has been ordered, a reprieve may yet be managed. That slavery will be destroyed by means of this war, we know—for we know that it would be destroyed had the war never broken out; but we believe that it is not impossible that a long day may be given to it, requiring another war to give it the finishing blow. In the way in which History reckons time it will be a short day, but to us and to the slaves it may be made to seem a very long one. Fifty years would not be long to complete a great change in human condition such as now impends over us, as History counts long—twenty-five years would be a very short time to do it in. But it is our business to see that slavery has no such day of grace allowed to it. That it perish by the sword it has caused to be drawn before that sword be sheathed. That it perish, even if the rebels be content to succumb to our arms and return to allegiance on the condition that the *status quo ante bellum* be restored as nearly as may be. If this be permitted the peace that it would purchase would be but the hollowest of truces, to last only until the rebels had gathered strength enough to break out into a fresh rebellion, unless it were made unnecessary by our surrender at discretion to their absolute will and pleasure.

This last we believe can never be. The blood and treasure spent in this war have at least purchased for us that immunity. The slaveholders might have secured that surrender, as far as Mr. Seward could engineer it, had they been content with the victories of peace. The war would then have had to be initiated, if at all, by the North instead of by the South. We think no politician is cunning enough to charm us into that snare, now. But it is not so certain that a false spirit of magnanimity—false, villainous and treacherous—may not be excited, which shall be willing to end the war by sparing the rebels and sacrificing the slaves. That such is the scheme of a powerful party in the country and in the next Congress, we know, for they make no secret of it—contrariwise, a virtue. It will not do to shut our eyes to this danger and put our trust in the President or Providence for safety. The President avowedly follows the public opinion which he should guide, and Providence, though it moves in a mysterious way, moves always by human instrumentalities. Those instrumentalities we are, in part, and it behooves us to see to it that we are not wanting to the work given us to do. It is true, that we may hope that the rebels will stand our friends in this matter as they have all along. We think too well of them to believe that they could be taken in by any amount of Seymourism and Vallandighamism to yield the very point they have suffered so much to maintain in order that creatures whom they despise so much may have another chance at the loaves and fishes. We believe that they will emancipate and arm their negroes first. Our Copperheads mistake their men in supposing that the rebels care no more for their treason than they themselves do for their country. It is disgraceful to mention the rebels in the same breath with those mercenary and malignant wretches. They tower out of sight alongside of them. Still, it is well—it is all essential—to be broad awake at a time when wary and desperate assassins are lying in wait to stab our common mother. There may be a point at which the rebels would elect to come and rule over us again rather than be utterly exterminated. Let them not find us sleeping.

A WRONG THAT SHOULD BE RIGHTED.

LONDON, ENGLAND, July 6th, 1863.

FRIEND JOHNSON: I wish to *right a wrong*, will you grant me a small space in your valuable journal for the laudable attempt? I called yesterday (Sunday) at the residence of our honored friend, Geo. Thompson, Esq., No. 8 Clayton Place, and found him closeted, in his study, with two negroes, a father and son, fugitive slaves, fresh from America, and from the rebel army. The father, a man of 45 years, having on the Confederate uniform, stated that he had been a drummer in the rebel army for two years, and was at the battle of Bull Run. The son, a young man of 18, said that he had been with Gen. Burnside at Beaufort, N. C. They appeared to be honest and truthful, and told a straightforward tale of their sorrows and of their escape. Suffice it on this point to say, that on their arrival at New York they went to the boarding-house of our colored friend, —— ——, who advised them to sail for England, and accordingly gave them a letter of introduction and recommendation to our noble friend Mr. Thompson. They state that they were provided with clothes and money by good friends in New York, and that they shipped on board the ship Victory, with a colored crew, and worked their passage to London, and that on the last day of the voyage, after entering the river Thames, they were robbed of all their earthly possessions save the clothes in which they stood. This was hard and cruel enough, surely, to the poor creatures, but not so hard and cruel as the misguided and ill-judged kindness which sent them here. This, however, is not the "*wrong I wish to right*"; that is of a graver and more serious character. It is this, the constant sending of those poor, helpless, ignorant, pennyless creatures, with letters of introduction to that noblest of men, George Thompson, apparently supposing, either that he has at his disposal an unlimited number of places where they may find employment, or that his purse is as large as his heart, which, unfortunately, is not the case. This is a grievous wrong, and should be stopped. Our friend has devoted his life and his splendid powers to *philanthropy*, and to-day is a *poor man*, and is obliged to look at every sixpence [illegible] those objects of pity from his door so long as he has a shilling or a loaf of bread on hand. Yesterday his noble wife provided a substantial breakfast, and afterwards a pocket full of sandwiches for them to take with them to their lodgings; but at the same time she said to me (not in a tone of complaint), "*Mr. Jewett, if our friends in America knew our situation, they certainly would not send so many of those poor creatures to us.* What can we do for them?" Now, I have no doubt that Mr. ——'s intentions were good, as have been those of numerous others who have sent fugitives to Mr. Thompson, but he *cannot* do for them, it is out of his power. Were he possessed of the princely fortune of our highly esteemed friend Hon. Gerrit Smith, he could and *he would*, rest assured of that. But even setting aside his pecuniary inability to help them, see what a wrong is done to such a man, by taking so much of his time, every moment of which he needs, especially in such a crisis as this, to combat the many malign influences which are constantly operating here to the prejudice of the Federal cause. He certainly cannot do all this and still have time to hunt up places for fugitive slaves; it is impossible. And why, I ask, friend Johnson, do our friends recommend able-bodied colored men, of the ages I have mentioned, to emigrate to England in such a crisis as this, when every one of them is needed at home to fill up the colored regiments? It is wrong. I advised the man to return with his son to New York in the first ship bound thither, in which they could work their passage, and immediately on landing to offer their services to the government for one of the colored regiments, and he promised to do so. I told him it was his duty to fight for the liberation of his kindred still in bondage. He expressed not merely his willingness, but his desire to do so. If what I have written shall tend to stop the migration alluded to, and especially the sending of the emigrants to be a burden to one of the truest and most whole-souled men upon earth, my time in writing these few lines and yours in printing them, will have been well spent.

Your friend, JOHN P. JEWETT,
No. 2 Castle Terrace, Brixton S.

DR. MASSIE AND HIS MISSION.—The Rev. Dr. Massie, after closing his labors in this city, went to Washington, for the purpose of laying before the President a copy of the address of the Manchester Ministerial Conference. He informs us that he had very pleasant and satisfactory interviews with the President and with Secretaries Seward and Chase. The President was much pleased with the Manchester address, and indicated his purpose to reply to the same in due time. Dr. Massie also delivered an address on Sunday evening, the 19th ult., in the West Presbyterian Church in Washington, of which Dr. Sunderland is Pastor. He was received not only with great cordiality, but even with enthusiasm, by a crowded assembly, embracing many eminent citizens of the Capital. His strongest anti-slavery utterances were loudly cheered. A response to the Manchester address, written by Dr. Sunderland, was read on the occasion. It has been, or is to be, signed, we understand, by such of the clergy of Washington as approve of its sentiments. Dr. Massie also stopped in Philadelphia, where he addressed a large public meeting and met a cordial reception from a portion of the clergy. On Sunday last he was to preach in New Haven, and to-morrow (Saturday) he will probably attend the celebration of the anniversary of W. I. Emancipation at Abington. Our friends in England may be assured that the visit of Dr. Massie is opportune, and that he is discharging the duties of his mission not only with zeal and fidelity, but with excellent discretion.

The reply to the Manchester Address by a Conference of New York Ministers, and which it is proposed to offer for the signatures of clergymen in different parts of the country, will be found on the first page.

THE PEACE OF NEW YORK.—There have been no riotous disturbances in this city for a week past. Many of those engaged in the late riots, including several of the leaders, have been arrested. Several of those who participated in the hanging of colored men are in prison, and fully indentified. The police deserve great credit for the zeal which they have exhibited in pursuing the villains, and in recovering the property they stole. The fund for the relief of the colored people amounts to upwards of $30,000, and it is being disbursed by conscientious and trustworthy men. A large proportion of the colored people who were compelled to flee from the vengeance of the mob have returned to the city and to their former avocations, and the general belief is that they are even more safe than they were before the outbreak. Many of them are armed, and if again assailed, will make a determined defence of their lives and property.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT THE WAR.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WHAT new word can be spoken about the war? Perhaps nothing; but as one gets up every day in the year, washes his face, eats his breakfast, and refreshes himself for his day's toil, without remembering that he did the same thing yesterday, and has been doing it every day for two, three, or four score years; even so, during this weary life, must our want, our hunger after thoughts of the war recur daily, and clamor for that food which alone can supply the demand.

Two years and a quarter of war (not the *most horrible* the world ever knew, as some assert, but sufficiently so to make every true and philanthropic heart agonize over its barbarities) has now despoiled the nation. No one now denies that the great issues of this war are slavery and liberty.

The cause of liberty was dimly seen at first. Like the noble old live oaks of the South, shrouded in their hanging veils of moss, it looked sombre enough. The parasites that obstructed our vision two years ago are being stripped by a strong hand from the grand old limbs. Party politics and personal interests are assuming new forms, and most of all, national prejudice is being swept away, and our cause, the cause of the poor and oppressed, of the slave in his chains, of liberty to all men, black or white, is every day more and more clearly seen, as a principle worthy of the struggle and the sacrifice even of the last two years.

"How slow we have worked," cries one; "two years and nothing accomplished. Our army has hardly gained a victory. Oh! yes; we know that within the last month Vicksburg and Port Hudson and Gettysburg have given us hope; but we may lose all that again in a week; and look at the mobs and riots in New York and elsewhere." Dear friends, kind friends! did you expect this great serpent that had coiled itself around every limb and branch of our national tree, to die without a struggle! Did you not know his writhings and contortions would be horrible to witness? He is wounded, but not dead; his head is bruised and fastered to the earth, but his great ponderous body rolls and tumbles and thrashes about, in its agony, unmindful of friends or foes, while every evolution and contortion but wastes and exhausts his power.

Why did we any of us expect a short war, or a sudden putting down of this gigantic rebellion? What material had we for putting it down? Indeed what was the rebellion? Only this and nothing more: A determination on the part of the South to bring the whole North into submission to their slave oligarchy. It said, "Down on your knees, O bending, cringing North; put your face to the ground, and let us walk over you. We will call our slave muster-roll at the foot of Bunker Hill, and build our 'nigger quarters' under the shadow of every public school-house, and none shall dare rise and say to us nay."

But for once the South was mistaken. The North answered, "We will not kneel at your bidding. The 'Union as it is' shall be preserved; the Constitution shall be our guide." And they went to war. What had the North on hand, with which to meet this well-prepared foe? She had money, machinery, provisions, brave men and strong hearts, and plenty of them. But these brave men and strong had, at the beginning, no antagonism to slavery. From infancy to manhood they had been positively or negatively taught that it was a divine institution, that it must not be touched; like the ark of the covenant of old, whosoever should touch it should surely be put to death. In all their little prayers of childhood there was no word of supplication for the slave; in all their Sunday-school books no paragraph to tell them this chattel had a soul to be saved; in all their tracts there was not one to tell of the suffering of a bondman of the sugar or cotton field. They might task memory in vain for one word from their popular pulpits about this "sum of all villanies." The school master never told them that the buying and selling of boys and girls was wicked; but they all remembered how the Abolitionist was talked of and despised, and mocked at, and imprisoned, for his interference in behalf of the "niggers." Miracles do not often astound us in these days, and to have found our Northern army at once recognizing the great principle of justice in regard to the slaves, would have been the most stupendous miracle the world ever saw. It is a miracle that this child nation, trained in the way it should *not* go, to accept slavery for the negro, and to believe that neither people, Congress or President had any right to interfere with it, should so soon have departed from it, and be found so really and truly working towards the entire emancipation of every slave in the land.

The victories that have been won were not alone on the coast of the slave States—not at New Orleans, Vicksburg, Port Hudson or Gettysburg. They were the thunderstorms of these two wonderful years. But the dew and the sunshine that have given strength and life to the ripening harvest, has been the withdrawal of all restraint upon the tongue, the pen and the press. The soldier boy of New England, who hated "niggers" and was ready to mob Garrison and Phillips, and loudly asserted that the slave of the plantation was happier than the operative of Lowell, *has been on the plantation* and seen for himself; and seeing is believing, and he tells his folks at home of his conversion to the higher law.

How came it to be a military necessity for Abraham Lincoln to declare emancipation to all the slaves of rebel masters? Simply because there was a great *moral* necessity behind that demanded it, and that moral necessity will ere long demand that every chain shall be broken.

Let the mob of New York riot; need it alarm us? "Whom the gods wish to destroy," do they not "first make mad"? Copperheadism is already so ashamed of its diabolical work that it is trying, by every art and argument, to lay the blame of the mob at the doors of "Garrison, Phillips, Greeley & Co." The wolf always accuses the lamb of riling the brook, though he stands miles beyond him, down the stream.

Wonderful men these must be, that could so "biologise" the great Democracy of New York as to set it tearing down houses, killing innocent men, women and children, burning asylums, and sacking and pillaging homes. For every drop of negro blood spilled in New York during these four past days of terror, there shall spring into light a hundred defenders of true liberty, and for every house burned and sacked, a million of dollars will be found ready for the use of the friends of the negro to carry on their warfare against his oppressors.

And where is the negro all this time? It was once said, "There is a negro in every wood-pile." Thank God he has got out of the wood-pile during this war. He is in the pulpit, the lecture room, the Sabbath-school, the parlor, the kitchen, the restaurant; on the street, in the car, the omnibus; and more than that, this poor despised negro slave, who at the beginning of the war was sent back to his master if he dared to turn his face to the North—sent back to be whipped, branded and murdered—now is sent to the front, as the soldier and the man, fighting for *our liberty* and *our Union*, side by side with the once "nigger-hating" volunteer of the North. Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend, New Orleans, Port Royal, Jacksonville, and scores of other places, send their depositions to the court of the world, of his courage and capacity to assert his manhood. Seventy thousand negro soldiers called to take up arms in defence of the Union and liberty! And where are the women and children? At work wherever there is opportunity—at work with their own strong hands, supplying their own needs.

Yesterday, as I went about this great city of New York searching through the great wholesale houses for the places where to spend two or three hundred dollars to the best possible advantage for the Freedmen of Paris Island, I learned some secrets. When I asked for old stocks, or last year's fashions, that might be bought cheap, I was answered: "The sutlers have already cleaned us out. They are making fortunes among the contrabands; we can't supply the demand." One large dealer said to me, "I am a Democrat, and always have been, but I *see* now, plain as the nose on my face, that all those slaves need is freedom and a chance to work, and they'll do it; and just put an end to this war, and the South will give us such a trade and commerce as we never knew before."

All this told much in little. Sutlers make fortunes from the washerwomen, bakers, cooks, servants, fishermen, poultry-raisers and gardeners among the contrabands in this their first year of freedom; and make fortunes out of sixpences from the slaves where capitalists lost them among the masters! *Will not commerce be out for freedom soon?* Away with grumbling and fears! Words of distrust now are daggers at the hearts of our friends. There is no real cause for them. The work goes bravely on. FRANCES D. GAGE.

New York, July 19, 1863.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of Police in this city, whose injuries by the mob seemed at first likely to prove fatal, is rapidly recovering.

Peter Cooper has given $1,000 to the Police Life Insurance fund in New York, in testimony of his appreciation of the services of the police during the riots.

Col. T. W. Higginson arrived in the Arago, on Sunday, on a brief furlough. He went immediately to his home in Worcester.

Maj. Mayers, a Major in the Argentine Republic, who lately came to this country to offer his services in the Union cause, has been appointed Major in the 2d. U. S. Colored Infantry.

The New Bedford *Mercury*, alluding to the fact that Martin Farquhar Tupper has just received a baronetcy from the Prince of Wales, says: "Nobody better deserves the title of *barren*."

Rev. E. H. Chapin, of this city, was at last accounts at the Isle of Wight, almost entirely recovered from his illness. He proposes to return in the steamer which leaves Liverpool on the first of August, and to resume his pastoral labors early in the Autumn.

Stephen H. Camp, just graduated from the Theological Seminary at Meadville, and ordained to the work of the ministry, has determined to devote himself to labors among the contrabands in South Carolina. He is a young man of fine talents, and a devoted Abolitionist.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage returned to her field of labor in South Carolina by the steamer which left this port on the 22d ult. During her brief stay at the North she has done much to awaken an intelligent interest among the people in her work.

John J. Crittenden, the venerable compromiser, died at Lexington, Ky., on Sunday last. He was a candidate for reelection to Congress. Since his death the Union party has nominated in his place Marcus J. Clay, a brother of Cassius M.

Dr. Lord has resigned the Presidency of Dartmouth College—a place from which he ought, long since, to have been indignantly expelled, and would have been, if his defence of slavery from the Bible had been regarded by the Congregational Churches of New England as impairing his "soundness in the faith." If he had been an Abolitionist, his clerical brethren would have contrived a way to effect his removal long since.

M. D. Conway, says *The Commonwealth*, was at Boulogne, June 27th, on his way to Rome and Venice. He spoke just before leaving England at Leicester and Manchester. He is urged by the Emancipationists of England to remain there and lecture through the coming Winter, and will probably do so. His addresses are warmly received, and he is said to have converted Mr. Ruskin to the side of Liberty and Union.

Says the Baltimore Correspondent of *The Evening Post*: "I noticed a paragraph in a recent journal giving a touching account of the imprisonment of Gov. Aiken of South Carolina, in the Libby Prison in Richmond, for refusing to submit to the traitor tyranny of Jefferson Davis. He lays his three thousand slaves on the altar of his country as slaves no longer, but as free men, and adheres to the star-spangled banner."

Capt. Nathaniel Hallock Mann, the Quaker hero of Addie Gap, is rapidly recovering from his wounds and expects soon to join his command. On his return to Milton, the residence of his mother and sisters, the people turned out *en masse* to greet him, and a committee of ladies was subsequently appointed to raise a fund to purchase for him a battle-horse, to be named "Aldie," in honor of his bravery, by which Gen. Kilpatrick was released, after being taken prisoner by the rebels.

Vallandigham, the traitor candidate for Governor of Ohio, is at Niagara Falls, Canada side. A correspondent of the Lockport *Journal* says: "He is not 'lionized' by guests—far from it. His wife is not here, as has been published, nor has she been here this season. He has a care-worn look, which indicates that the flattery of unprincipled and unthinking friends is hardly sufficient to balance the ignominy of banishment from his country, in a time of most terrible rebellion."

Edward Hallock Ketcham, cousin of Capt. Mann, whose cavalry charge at Aldie has been described in our columns, in an extract from the *Evening Post*, was killed at Gettysburg in the battle of July 2d. He was a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twentieth New York regiment, and had passed unhurt through many previous fights. His body was found on the field by his brother, a Lieutenant in the same regiment, wrapped in a shelter tent and buried. It was brought home to Milton, Ulster Co., and, after solemn funeral exercises in Friends' meeting-house, was interred among his kindred on Sunday, 19th ult.

Among the names of persons drafted for the army under the Conscription law we notice the following: Rev. M. D. Conway, Concord, Mass.; Rev. Samuel Johnson, Salem, Mass.; Wendell Phillips Garrison, Boston; Professors Vose, Crowell and Mather, of Amherst College; Mr. Charles H. Hitchcock, Curator of Natural History in the same institution; Mr. Aaron E. Warner, son of ex-Professor Warner of Amherst, who is a member of the Harvard Law School, and was likewise drafted in Cambridge on the same day; and Geo. P. Briggs, son of the late ex-Gov. Briggs. Several Quakers were drafted in Nantucket.

The wife of Hon. Samuel C. Pomeroy, U. S. Senator from Kansas, died a few days since on board a Hudson river steamer, while on her way to Geneva, to recruit her health and strength, which had been exhausted in benevolent labors for the welfare of the soldiers, and for the relief of the hunted negroes at Washington. Her memory will be hallowed by the gratitude of sick and wounded soldiers of the Union who have experienced her kindness in their hospitals. And the Asylum for Colored Orphans at Washington city will remain for generations to come her fitting and honorable monument.

The Liberator says: "The first edition of 'THE BLACK MAN,' the new work by Wm. Wells Brown, has been sold, and a second is to be published in a few days. Such rapid sale of a book devoted entirely to an exhibition of the genius, the talent and the heroism of the hated Negro, and advocating his elevation and equality, shows that a great change has come over the minds of the American people, and that justice to a long-injured class is not far off. This work has done good service among those who are impregnated with the idea that the blacks were created for nothing but slaves. The new edition will be revised and enlarged, and will contain an original sketch of the heroic and daring charge of the Second Louisiana Regiment at Port Hudson. The price of the book will remain the same—$1.00."

Rev. Charles Beecher (brother of Henry Ward Beecher), Pastor of the orthodox Church in Georgetown, Mass., was lately arraigned before an ecclesiastical council and adjudged to be "unsound in the faith." His heresy relates exclusively to abstruse points of theology, which have been themes of discussion in the Church for centuries. Dr. Lord of Dartmouth College and Southside Adams of Boston have *not* been tried, it not being deemed heretical, in the orthodox Churches of New England, to teach that slavery is sanctioned by the Bible—in other words, that it is no sin to work men under the lash without wages, to prohibit them from learning to read, and to sell them and their children in the market! Truly, the Pharisaical spirit is the same in all ages, ever straining at gnats and swallowing camels—tithing mint and anise and cummin, and omitting the weightier matters of the law!

"What a good thing"—exclaims "Warrington" of the Springfield *Republican*—"Thurlow Weed has done; hasn't he? Given $500 for the benefit of the blacks! I am sure his green-backs are as valuable as anybody's, and as for his opinions, why, who cares for them? 'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,' or to give another and more appropriate quotation:

'Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And as often took leave, but seemed loath to depart.'

Any more dead men want to give $500 for the privilege of abusing the Abolitionists? Let them wrap their shrouds about them, fill their pockets with disinfectants, give notice to the public to keep out of the way or hold its nose, and come on!"

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1863.

I HAVE written somewhat (a fortnight since) of the danger this government is in of conceding principles for the sake of peace. There *is* danger unquestionably of a patched-up peace, but not so much as to alarm the enemies of slavery at the North. I find in Mr. Forney's *Chronicle* a leading article upon this subject, which I understand (from a source that renders mistake impossible) fully reflects the views of the President. I will quote a few passages:

"Some opposition journals are contending that as the Union forces are achieving great victories, our government should now magnanimously listen to terms from the rebels, should they be disposed to offer them. All recommendations of this sort, however, are faulty, in one particular. They go on the assumption that the belligerents are coequals, as though they and we were two governments or sovereignties fighting over something that admitted of arrangement without derogation or fatal injury to either combatant. But this is not the case. The contest now being waged on this continent is between the National government and rebels against its rightful authority, who commenced the war without reason, and who have defied the government to reassert its lawful rule over them. The government that would have its authority respected hereafter can make no mutual terms with those who have thus assailed its life and sought by force of arms to overthrow it. Submission, entire and unqualified, on the rebels' part, must precede magnanimity on the government's part. There can be no peace with rebels until they have first ceased to be rebels.

"The theory of mutual concessions is not the lesson taught by our late victories. But they do teach a lesson, and a most pleasing one. The victory of Vicksburg, for instance, if newspaper correspondents are to be believed, shows that when once fairly defeated and conquered, the rebels of the South do not retain that animosity or exhibit that vindictive feeling that those who have so often foolishly denied the government's power to subjugate the insurgents have persisted they would forever manifest. On the contrary, when they find that their subjugation is *a fact accomplished;* that they have been conquered and disarmed, and must submit to the fate before them, their vindictiveness and hate appear to be laid aside, and the most friendly spirit is manifested on both sides."

This is precisely the right view of the case—in almost every respect. The government must triumph—its authority must be admitted, and not as the result of a compromise. The government must fulfil to the letter all its promises to the colored people of the rebel States. It cannot break them without outraging the human race. It will not do it. The view taken by *The Chronicle* of the Southern people, that when they are once beaten, *thoroughly beaten*, they will make good citizens, is also the true view. They will not fight as guerillas for twenty years, as the Copperhead journals claim, and all to save slavery, or rather to resent the destruction of slavery. When we are strong enough to destroy the armies of the South, her citizens will become peaceable, whatever the President may do respecting slavery. But the rebel armies must be whipped first. The people of Vicksburg were defiant enough till Pemberton surrendered, and then they abandoned their bluster. Even at Memphis the rebel sympathizers were boastful and confident

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 27th, 1863.

SINCE I last wrote you, our Fifty-fifth Regiment—the second colored regiment raised by the State of Massachusetts—has finished its course of instruction at Readville, embarked from Boston, and arrived at Newbern. A few days before they left camp, four banners were presented to them by Gov. Andrew, with a speech of patriotic welcome, congratulation and encouragement. Two of these were the National and State colors, given by Massachusetts to this, as to all her other regiments: and two were the gift of women of Ohio, a State largely represented in the regiment. The latter were to have been presented by John M. Langston, Esq., a distinguished and eloquent colored lawyer of Ohio, but circumstances prevented his attendance on that day.

On the Sunday following, a most impressive address was made to the regiment by Wendell Phillips, giving his views of our national crisis, and his counsel in regard to the new course of life which is now opening before the colored soldiers of the Republic.

The march of this regiment through the principal streets of the city received tokens of welcome and applause such as those which greeted the Fifty-fourth. In spite of the rain, great numbers of people lined the streets to see them pass, and a great number followed them to the wharf. Some outsiders had apprehended the manifestation of tokens of enmity to the colored people, such as those which have recently disgraced your city. But not a single sound of disapproval appeared; and the friendly demeanor of Boston in this cave-taking harmonized well with the cheery and joyous aspect of the colored soldiers, who have now set forth on an expedition full of good augury to themselves and their race.

In size and physical vigor, and also in proficiency in military discipline, this regiment is thought to exceed even the Fifty-fourth.

Since all these colored men are absolutely new to military service, they of course find what every white recruit finds, a sense of painful surprise at the extent to which military rule infringes upon their individual freedom. Probably every raw volunteer and conscript finds himself more continuously hemmed in, and more sharply pulled up, by rules and orders, than he had expected. And the first impulse is to attribute the severity of these restrictions rather to the choice of the particular officer in question than to the necessary strictness of military discipline. Some such feeling as this was probably in the mind of a colored man who stood in the crowd in Court street, watching the departure of the Fifty-fifth regiment. As the last files passed, he said—"There they go, poor fellows. I hope their officers will be kind to them." A lady who had been standing next him, and watching the departure of her own son among the officers, took the opportunity to say to this man that she thought he need not be fearful on that point; she *knew* that there was one, at least, among the officers— Here the colored man interrupted her by saying—"Yes, I know Lieut. Garrison is there; he'll do right by his men." The lady proceeded to explain that her own son also had been moved to join that regiment by his interest in the colored people, and his desire to help in the discharge of the debt which the country owes them; that it was certain that the same motives actuate the Colonel and the Lieut.-Colonel; that probably a majority of the subordnate officers had the same interest at heart; and that a bond of more than common kindness and good-will might reasonably be presumed to exist between such soldiers and such officers.

The promptness and thoroughness with which our city and State officials met the first movements of the anti-conscription riot here have settled that matter permanently, as I believe. No further trouble has arisen. The officers of enrolment proceeded to discharge their duty, and the police are still making arrests among the rioters, and further discoveries in regard to the property stolen. Our *Courier* and its Copperhead allies have, no doubt, as much disposition as ever to help the rebels and embarrass the government, but the tools wherewith they sought to do this work are no longer under their control so much as formerly.

The feeling in men's minds here about the conscription is accurately indicated by two or three recent circumstances. In the Company of Lancers which were on duty, and which did effective service, in quelling opposition to the draft, there were twenty drafted men. Two sons of Hon. Edward Everett—one of them being he who recently graduated with distinction at the English University of Cambridge—have been drafted, and design to serve in person. And the Rev. Mr. Bixby, a Boston clergyman, himself a conscript, and determined to serve as such, yesterday preached a sermon to conscripts, urging a prompt and cheerful response to their country's call, and pointing out the justice of that call, and the satisfactory extent to which its burdens had been equalized among the various classes in our community.

On the other hand, it is said that Thomas Sims, the fugitive slave, who has been drafted, has applied for exemption, and received it, on account of his age.

You have heard, no doubt, that our excellent friend, Rev. Jacob M. Manning, was taken with malarious fever shortly after returning from his service as Chaplain with the Forty-third Massachusetts Regiment. I regret to say that he still lies dangerously ill.

One of our preachers in Boston yesterday was Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., of Galesburg, Illinois. He has recently been taking part in an Ecclesiastical Council at Georgetown in this State, called by certain persons who are dissatisfied with the ministry of his brother, Rev. Charles Beecher, in the Orthodox Congregational Church there. After several days' session, the Council voted, sixteen to five, to recommend a dismissal of the minister, and this will probably be carried into effect.

The principal opponent of Mr. Beecher in the Council was Rev. Milton P. Braman, D.D., a man who has long distinguished himself by malignant and unscrupulous opposition to abolitionism, and to reform generally, theological and other. The bitterness which he displayed against Mr. Beecher in the Council was very likely stimulated by the faithfulness with which that gentleman has been accustomed to plead the cause of the slave in Georgetown.

It was especially fitting that Dr. Edward Beecher should plead the cause of his brother in this case, since the points in his preaching of which complaint was made, and which were ruled by the Council to be "vitally and fundamentally erroneous," were the very points presented as vital and essential truths in Dr. Edward Beecher's two books, "The Conflict of Ages," and "The Concord of Ages."

It is said that these two books, and the labors of their author in the same direction for a dozen or fifteen years past, have made two converts to their doctrines of a preexistence of human souls, and of "Divine Sorrow." It will be curious if one of these converts shall lose his pulpit in consequence of his conversion, while the original teacher of these alleged heresies remains undisturbed.

The doctrine here called "Divine Sorrow" is understood to teach that the Deity is actively and constantly unhappy in consequence of the ill doings of men. Without undertaking to decide where Drs. Beecher and Braman disagree, your poor laical correspondent will venture to suggest that this doctrine seems to proceed from deficiency of faith. If we assume that God made this world and its inhabitants with a *certain* knowledge of what their course would be and what their end would be, is it not plain that he foresaw and designed the very state of things now existing among men, and that the success to which he destined them, and which was the sufficient reason for their creation, is seen by Him to be, now as heretofore, in process of *certain* accomplishment? He who believeth may enter into rest, and enjoy the fullness of peace, even while he is working. Shall the All-wise, All-good, and All-powerful have less of rest and peace than his creature?

It is curious to notice (as a brick in the structure of ecclesiastical, theological and clerical morality) that the "Result of Council" expressly declares that its decision would have been very different had Mr. Beecher simply believed these things without teaching them. But these doctrines, considered by him as eternal truths, were honestly stated as such to his people. Here was the offence. Believing beyond the creed might be overlooked. Open teaching in accordance with such belief is the unpardonable sin. Bishop Colenso tells us that, to his certain knowledge, many clergymen of the Established Church agree in his belief of the "unhistorical" character of the Pentateuch; they "keep dark" about it, and retain their livings in peace; he imparts to the world his new found truth, and their Graces the Lords Spiritual cry out against him as an infidel, and shut him out of their pulpits.

By order of Gov. Andrew a salute of a hundred guns was fired on the Common at noon to day to signalize the captures of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and the consequent opening of the Mississippi river, and to give due recognition to the bravery of those Massachusetts men who helped gain those victories. We had seventeen regiments, six light batteries, and three unattached companies of cavalry in the force which reduced Vicksburg and Port Hudson. And our fourth regiment, a body of nine months' men, who staid over the expiration of their term of service to have a hand in the opening of the Mississippi, have had the honor and pleasure of going to Memphis, on their way homeward, in the steamer Imperial, being the first trip made up the river since its banks have been freed from rebel domination.

NORTH.

THE SACKING OF MR. GIBBONS'S HOUSE.

THE following letter from James S. Gibbons, giving the particulars of the sacking of his house by a savage and murderous mob, will be read with painful interest:

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

It is impossible to answer separately the letters of inquiry received by the different members of my family relative to the extent of damage suffered by the sack of our dwelling-house on the 14th inst. You will therefore oblige me by inserting the following summary:

No person was in the house at the time of the assault. Seeing no appearance of the mob in the immediate vicinity, I had walked over to Broadway to get an evening paper. On my return homeward, in about forty minutes, I found that the house had been broken open, fired in several places, and was already half sacked. It was in the hands of a thousand thieves. I passed in and up stairs to see whether anything could be done to clear them out, but found it impossible, and retired. The lower doors and windows were all broken in, and all the interior rooms and closet doors, with two or three exceptions.

Everything portable was carried off—beds, bedding, all the bureau drawers and the lighter bureaus, tables, and even the grate pans and last kitchen pot. Of twenty-five hundred volumes, the accumulation of thirty years, not a single book was left in the house. Of the furniture that was too heavy to carry off, one small piece only was left unmutilated by axes. Nearly all the glass and much of the sash work was destroyed. The stair banisters and marble mantles were chopped down. All the gas fixtures were twisted off, and most of the water faucets. The croton pipe was pounded up in the cellar, to cut off the water, that the fire might not be extinguished, and but for the neighbors, who, at the peril of life, brought in buckets from their own houses, the place would have been burned. A piano was broken into fragments, and even sliding doors pulled out and their panels split. The lower parts of several heavy bureaus, and portions of several bedsteads and tables were left in the house, and nothing more. J. S. GIBBONS.

New York, July 25th, 1863.

The numerous friends of Mr. Gibbons and his family will feel a strong sympathy for them in view of their irreparable loss; at the same time they will be thankful that while the house was sacked, its inmates received no personal injury.

In the sermon of Mr. Frothingham, on the fourth page, will be found an allusion very touching and appropriate, to this outrage and the friends whose home was thus despoiled.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPEECHES, LECTURES, and LETTERS. By WENDELL PHILLIPS, pp. 562. Boston: James Redpath, 221 Washington Street.

We shall probably get a copy of this book from the publishers in due season; we avail ourselves now of the kindness of one of his agents, who has left a copy for our inspection. When we say that it is from the Cambridge "University Press" of Welch, Bigelow and Co., it is quite needless to add that, as a piece of typographical workmanship, it is up to the highest standard of the book-making art in any country. Every line of its contents has, at one time or another, appeared in these columns. It contains twenty-two speeches or lectures, of which we give the titles as follows:

1. The Murder of Lovejoy.
2. Woman's Rights.
3. Public Opinion.
4. Surrender of Sims.
5. Sims Anniversary.
6. Philosophy of the Abolition Movement.
7. Removal of Judge Loring.
8. The Boston Mob of 1835.
9. The Pilgrims.
10. Idols.
11. Harper's Ferry.
12. Burial of John Brown.
13. Lincoln's Election.
14. Mobs and Education.
15. Disunion.
16. Progress.
17. Under the Flag.
18. The War for the Union.
19. The Cabinet.
20. Toussaint L'Ouverture.
21. A Metropolitan Police.
22. The State of the Country.

Besides the Speeches and Lectures, there are two Letters, viz.:

1. Letter to Judge Shaw and President Walker on Temperance, dated Aug. 1, 1859.

2. Letter to *The Tribune*, under date of Aug. 16, 1862, correcting various misrepresentations as to the writer's relations to the government.

The first speech in the volume is that delivered in Faneuil Hall on the Murder of Lovejoy, in December, 1837. The report was made by B. F. Hallett, without the aid either of stenography or phonography, and therefore is little better than an outline of an address, which made as profound an impression upon those who heard it as any that the author has since delivered. The last speech in the book is the substance of two, delivered in this city, one in January, and the other in May, 1863.

Of course this volume embraces only the smaller part of the speeches delivered by Mr. Phillips within the last twenty-five years. There must be plenty of material for one, if not for two, volumes more. The selections for this appear to have been made with good judgment.

Prefixed to the work is a very good engraved likeness of the author.

We are not surprised to learn that, although the price is $2, the first edition of the book sold in four days—as rapidly as it could be bound—while the second was covered by orders received before it was out of press. The third edition will immediately follow.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August contains: An American in the House of Lords, by Francis Wayland, Jr.; Theodore Winthrop's Writings, by Charles Nordhoff; Hilary—a poem—by Lucy Larcom; Debby's Debut—a charming story—by Miss Louisa M. Alcott; Wet-Weather Work, by Ik. Marvel; Civic Banquets, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Geological Middle Age, by Louis Agassiz; The White-Throated Sparrow; The Fleur-de-Lis in Florida, by Francis Parkman; Seaward; Side-Glances at Harvard Class-Day, by Gail Hamilton; Love's Challenge; Political Problems and Conditions of Peace, by Judge Woodbury Davis, of the Supreme Court of Maine; Reviews and Literary Notices. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Judge Davis's article, "Political Problems, and Conditions of Peace," is designed to show, and does show very clearly, that the General government possesses ample power, according to the law of nations, to suppress the Rebellion, and secure the country against another, by Emancipation, through the military power; that, though Emancipation is a *policy*, and not a *law*, the war may be prosecuted until this end is accomplished, and slavery in future forever prohibited; that, by secession and rebellion, the revolted States have forfeited all right to the allegiance of their citizens, who are thereby remitted to the condition and rights of citizens solely of the United States; and that the Federal government, as well *under the Constitution* as *by right of conquest*, may impose such terms upon the reorganization and restoration of those States as may be necessary to secure present safety, and avert danger in time to come. This view of the case is supported by arguments which commend themselves to the common sense of every intelligent reader, and which, it seems to us, defy any attempt at refutation. We are glad to see that *The Atlantic* commits itself as the champion of a doctrine which the so-called Radicals have maintained from the beginning, but which has encountered the fierce opposition not only of rebel sympathizers, but of many self-styled Conservatives, who think it the part of political wisdom to set themselves blindly and obstinately against every principle and measure, of which "compromise with the South" is not the end and aim. The growth of public opinion in this direction is very cheering.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED is published monthly, in quarto form, by Fowler and Well—S. R. Wells, Editor—308 Broadway. Its scope is broader than would be inferred from its title. It contains new and useful matter, with illustrations, relating to Ethnology, Physiology, and Phrenolgy, Physiognomy and Psychology. A new volume commenced with the issue for July. The number for August has a fine likeness, on wood, of Major-Gen. Meade, and a phrenological analysis of his character; ditto of the much lamented Rear-Admiral Foote; and a great variety of interesting matter on all the subjects above named. The price of this publication is only $1.50 per annum; to clubs of five, $1.25—of ten or more, $1.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XXXIII., contains portraits of Rear Admiral D. D. Porter and Brig.-Gen. J. G. Barnard, and brings the record of Documents and Narratives down to the first of January last. It also contains a few pages of Poetry and Incidents of the War. New York: G. P. Putnam, 441 Broadway; C. T. EVANS, 448 Broadway.

OBITUARY.

COL. ROBERT G. SHAW.

From The Tribune of Monday.

THE letters from our correspondent, brought by the Arago yesterday, confirm the previous report, by way of Richmond, of the death of Col. Shaw of the Massachusetts 54th. He fell at the head of his regiment, when standing on the parapet of Fort Wagner, which he and his brave men in the advance, and the post of honor, had carried by assault. No soldier ever prayed for a nobler death, and how bravely it was met by him and his comrades the fact bears witness that when the remnant of the regiment was forced to retire it was led by a 2d lieutenant.

Col. Robert G. Shaw was the only son of Francis George Shaw of Staten Island, grandson of the late Robert G. Shaw, a distinguished merchant of Boston. When the war broke out he went as a private in the 7th regiment to Washington, but before their three months term of service expired sought and received a commission in the Massachusetts 2d, the "fighting second," as it is called, for the courage it has shown in many a hard-fought field. At the battle of Cedar Mountain his life was saved by his watch; at Antietam he was struck by a fragment of shell which just grazed the neck. In looking for a commander for the first colored regiment from Massachusetts, who should combine the moral qualities and the soldiery accomplishments requisite for a post of more than ordinary difficulties, Gov. Andrew chose young Shaw. How well that choice was justified was shown when he marched through Boston at the head of the best disciplined regiment that ever left the State, and the three hundred dead that fell around him at Fort Wagner, prove that in the field he had inspired his men with his own courage, and aroused in them that personal devotion and enthusiasm that will face the most desperate duty. It was that rare quality that commands at once the love and obedience of men that peculiarly fitted Col. Shaw for a commander. Of a most genial and kindly nature, of manners as gentle as a woman's, of a native refinement that brooked nothing coarse, of a clear moral insight that no evil association could tarnish, of a strength of purpose aiming always at noble ends, of a courage quiet but cheerful and unwavering, he was one of those characters which attracts, and at the same time moulds all others brought under their influence. Even this was observed of him when only a second lieutenant in the 2d Massachusetts; how much more has it been shown in the 54th. This country has lost in him one of its best soldiers and one of its most promising men.

Col. Shaw was only about 27 years of age, and was married a few weeks before he joined the army of the South.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AFTER an earnest effort of years to establish "THE ANGLO AFRICAN"—a newspaper devoted specially to the best interests of the colored people—we find ourselves suddenly deprived of the support which many of them had given us, by reason of their flight from outrage and massacre. Our city circulation, which was our main dependence, has been entirely broken up. In this emergency, we are compelled to appeal to the friends of such an enterprise, and of the wronged and outraged black man, to come forward and help us, either by subscribing for the paper, which is two dollars a year, or by donating such amounts as their generosity may direct. ROBT. HAMILTON, Publisher,
50 Beekman street, New York.

DUTY OF COLORED MEN.—Gov. Seward, having been inquired of by J. M. Langston as to the duty of colored men in view of the fact that the wages offered to them as soldiers are less than those offered to whites, sends a reply as follows:

"The duty of the colored man to defend his country whenever and wherever and in whatever form, is the same with that of the white man. It does not depend on, nor is it affected by, what the country pays us or what position she assign us; but it depends on her need alone, and of that she, not we are to judge. The true way to secure her rewards and win her confidence is not to stipulate for them, but to deserve them. Factious disputes among patriots about compensations and honors invariably betray any people, of whatever race, into bondage. If you wish your race to be delivered from that curse, this is the time to secure their freedom in every land and for all generations. It is no time for any American citizen to be hesitating about pay or place.

"I am your obedient servant,
"WM. H. SEWARD."

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Another assault upon Fort Wagner, another repulse, and Fort Sumter still beneath the rebel flag—such is the news from Charleston harbor received on Sunday. The storming party was composed of three brigades, the 54th Massachusetts in front, and the assault was made at night on the 18th ult. The first column, led by Gen. Strong, advanced along a narrow beach for more than half a mile before it reached the Fort, exposed at every step to the fire in front from the heavy guns and musketry of Fort Wagner, and a still more terrible enfilading fire from Fort Sumter, which swept the shore along which they marched. Through it all they went steadily on, the negro regiment steadily leading. They reached the Fort, and portions of three regiments, the 54th Massachusetts, the 6th Connecticut, and the 48th New York, passed the ditches, gained the parapet, and for half an hour, in a hand to hand fight, struggled with the enemy for the possession of the work. They fought under a fire of grape and canister from the howitzers, which raked the ditches, from hand grenades, from musketry, but they fought so long as there was an officer left to command them. When the brigade fell back, Major Plimpton, of the 3d New Hampshire, was the highest officer left to lead its fragments away from the fight. The General and the five Colonels had fallen. Men had fallen by hundreds; they had done all men could do, and they retreated. The colored regiment lost every field officer and every captain, and a lieutenant only remained to order it back. The second column, under Col. Putnam, went heroically into the fight, but was also repulsed with heavy loss. The loss in dead and wounded cannot be less than a thousand. It is understood at Washington, from private sources, that Gen. Gilmore's losses by sickness and casualties amount to about one-third of his original force. He has not asked for reenforcements, but the government will probably send help, as it is fully resolved upon the capture of all the rebel forts.

The bulk of Lee's army has succeeded in passing through the mountain gaps into Eastern Virginia, and is now probably at or below Culpepper. The position of Meade is not known to the public, but he is no doubt operating to check and harass the enemy. At Chester Gap our cavalry recaptured 1,100 cattle, several thousand sheep, and a number of horses and mules.

Gen. Foster has sent in an official report of the late cavalry raid in North Carolina. They destroyed the railroad bridge over Tar River; they also destroyed a cotton mill well filled, a flouring mill with 1 000 barrels of flour, and a large quantity of hard bread, a machine shop with shells and powder, a large depot, and several offices, an engine and train of cars, a train of 25 wagons with supplies for the rebels, an armory and machine shop, 800 bales of cotton, two steamboats, an iron-clad in process of construction, a saw-mill, a train of cars, and great quantities of subsistence; 100 prisoners, and 300 horses and mules were taken, and 300 negroes followed our forces to Newbern. There was a good deal of fighting, the enemy being beaten in every instance. Our loss will not exceed 25 men.

Richmond papers have dispatches from Morton, Miss., of the 24th, stating that the Union forces evacuated Jackson on the 23d; that they had also evacuated Canton, and that Grant's entire army had gone back to Vicksburg. An attempt was made to blow up the State House at Jackson, but it was a failure. Although the building was much damaged. All the machine shops, railroad rolling stock, and much of the track between Jackson and Vicksburg had been destroyed. The rebels say that Mobile is to be the next point of attack. Another dispatch says that McPherson's entire corps of Grant's army has gone up the river, their officers giving out that they were going to Richmond.

Admiral Porter has officially informed the Navy Department of the result of the expedition recently sent by him through the navigable waters of the Red river country. The enemy appear to have been taken completely by surprise. Two fine steamers laden with stores were captured, and two others were burned by the rebels to prevent their falling into our hands. Large quantities of ammunition were also captured. At Harrisonburg, on the Red river, a very strong fort was found, on a considerable elevation, which could not be reduced by wooden gunboats, which alone composed the expedition.

We learn from Memphis that Gen. Pemberton and his staff, and some of his officers, have gone to Richmond. His army has scattered in every direction. The rebels are pressing everybody into their ranks. The rolling stock on the railroads is all being run toward Mobile. Large quantities of cotton are going in the same direction. The bulk of Johnston's army is reported at Martin, 39 miles East of Jackson. His force is estimated at 30,000. All surplus stores are being shipped to Mobile. Gens. Hardee and Forrest passed through Meridian on the 18th, going to Johnston. Forrest was suffering from a wound, and is not fit for duty. Hardee's corps was, it was said, going to Johnston, but had not passed Meridian up to the 22d.

The rebel raider, John Morgan, and the remnant of his band—about 600 men—were captured near Salineville, Columbiana, Co., Ohio, on Sunday last. So ends, says *The Tribune*, the career of the great freebooter of Kentucky. His mad enterprise into Indiana and Ohio was doubtless undertaken upon invitation of the traitors infesting the lower Counties of those States, and with large expectations of aid and comfort from them and their accomplices. The treasonable spirit which he relied on to help him, quailed before the outburst of loyalty and the rush to arms which his invasion excited, and instead of an unopposed promenade through a country stripped of its fighting population, he saw armed men spring out of the ground at every step. He was everywhere met fearlessly, his retreat cut off, his forces hemmed in, dispersed, and most of them captured, before their leader was thus finally brought to bay, and forced to surrender.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

COLORED SOLDIERS IN BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, July 22.—Our colored soldiers are growing in favor every day. They are seen at all hours in groups on the streets, and the loyal public eye bids them God speed. Disloyalists frown no longer. I saw one with his musket at General Schenck's headquarters at the Eutaw House, an evening or two ago. Negrophobia is confined entirely now to traitors and their sympathizers. The citizens of Baltimore have just presented a flag to the colored people engaged on the trenches of Baltimore. —*Evening Post.*

THE DRAFTED COLORED MEN.

All colored men enrolled under the present draft are to be separated from white conscripts by Provost Marshals, and consolidated into the nearest colored regiments or companies being organized in the several States. Instructions to this effect have been sent to the officials of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. Colored conscripts in Pennsylvania are to be rendezvoused at Philadelphia in the camp commanded by Col. Wagner, in Ohio, at Camp Delaware; in Rhode Island, at the camp of the First Company Colored Heavy Artillery; in Maryland and Delaware, at Washington. Colored troops from New York, it is thought, will be rendezvoused at Washington.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

NEGRO PRISONERS AT PORT HUDSON.

Port Hudson, July 9.—One more point and I close my remarks about the capitulation of Port Hudson. I am sorry to say that rumors are afloat, borne out, unfortunately, too strongly by facts, that our colored soldiers who have fallen into the hands of the rebels have not received the treatment recognized by civilized nations. In other words, *we could find no negro prisoners in Port Hudson, and there were none in the hospital.* The simple question is—*Where are they?* I leave each one to draw his own conclusions, merely saying that I consider this a matter fully warranting the investigation of our authorities.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

The Herald correspondent, in his report of the cavalry raid in North Carolina, says: "The order to apply the torch to Tarboro bridge, so as to prevent the advance of the enemy from the opposite side upon our rear, was executed a little too soon. A large number of contrabands had just got over, many were still on the bridge, and many were yet on the other side, all eager to join our column, and flee from their masters in Dixie to their worshippers among the Yankees. Some of our own men were also on the other side; but with a few exceptions they contrived to make their escape. When the burning bridge fell, it is feared it carried into the stream below, or consumed in the vain effort to extricate themselves, between five and six hundred poor frantic negroes."

TROUBLE ABOUT NEGRO ENROLMENT IN KENTUCKY.

The Louisville *Journal* states that the War Department recently ordered the enrolment of the free negroes of Kentucky, preparatory to the conscription. The State government remonstrated, and the President replied that the enrolment of the free negroes in Kentucky was not intended as necessarily preliminary to the drafting and arming of them, but might be preliminary to their employment as simple laborers. In other words, the President declared that he had not yet made up his mind to do more than to enrol the negroes. This does not satisfy the Kentuckians, and their remonstrance has been renewed. *The Journal* is confident the President will respect the wishes of the people of Kentucky, where free negroes are not citizens, and where the attempt to enroll them will lead to great dissatisfaction and difficulty. Kentucky is unwilling that her free negroes should be made soldiers, because the existence of slavery would be thereby imperilled. Do we need any further evidence that slavery in that State, under Federal protection, is incompatible with the salvation of the country? The conscription law leaves the President no option; if he drafts at all, he must take blacks as well as whites. Nevertheless, he has shown such deference to the slaveholders of Kentucky hitherto that we shall not be surprised if he resorts to some shift in their behalf in this matter.

BRAVERY OF THE COLORED TROOPS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The negro troops in South Carolina have fulfilled the highest expectations and hopes of their friends. Their bravery in recent engagements equals that of the bravest white soldiers at any time or place in the whole history of the war.

In the first place we have an account of an expedition of a detachment of four companies of the First South Carolina Regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Billings, up the South Edisto. The expedition left Beaufort July 9th. The following general order, which was read on dress parade after the return of the expedition, attests the soldierly behavior of the black men:

General Order No. 86.—The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, in behalf of the Colonel of the regiment, desires to express his satisfaction with the soldierly qualities displayed on the late expedition up the South Edisto river—the most hazardous of any which you have undertaken. You proved your calmness in the hardest test of a soldier's capacity, while confined to the limits of the vessel which bore you on the hostile errand to the soil of your enemies, under the severe fire of shot and shell to which you were subjected, and you showed your valor on the land, in repelling the attack of your foes, two of you capturing two of them with your own hands. You have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you have given the boon of freedom to hundreds of your oppressed race, and you have shown to the world that you are willing to do and suffer for that which is dearer than life—your freedom and that of your country, in then, her hour of peril. May you always be equal to the duty which rests upon you, and worthy the noble career which opens before you. By Order S. BILLINGS,
Lieut. Col. Commanding 1st Regt. S. C. Vol's.

In the next place we have an account of an engagement on James's Island, on the 16th ult., between a Union force, composed chiefly of colored troops, under Gen. Terry, and a large body of rebels. We quote from the correspondence of *The Tribune*:

"The fresh force of old fighting men and the troops which had been upon Morris Island and in and around Charleston, were hurled at daylight suddenly upon Gen. Terry, supposing he could be surprised in his camp, driven back to Stono river, and the main portion of his command destroyed or captured before he could reach his transports. Gen. Terry had placed the brigade of Col. Montgomery, consisting of the 2d South Carolina (colored) and 54th Massachusetts, Col. Shaw (colored), in the advance, with the 54th Massachusetts doing picket duty; the brigade of Col. Davis on the right, a short distance back from the line occupied by Col. Montgomery, and the brigade of Gen. Stevenson on the left, on the line of Col. Davis.

In Stono river we had the gunboats Pawnee, Huron, and Marblehead, and in the small creek separating James's Island from Cole's Island the Mayflower and the John Adams, each carrying from three to five 30-pound Parrots.

The rebels advanced in solid column upon the 54th Massachusetts, and at the same moment commenced a rapid cannonade upon the Pawnee and the Huron in Stono river, from a battery on their left, and on the Mayflower and the John Adams from one they had left upon their right. The attack upon the army and the navy was simultaneous, and for a moment surprised and staggered both branches of our service. The Pawnee received several shots before she was able to return the fire on account of her position in the river; the 54th Massachusetts being upon picket and thinly scattered along the line they had to guard, were, of course, compelled to fall back until they could form in battle line, which they did in admirable order, but not until they had lost fifty-four of their best men in killed and wounded.

Gen. Terry quickly discerning that the engagement on the part of the rebels was intended to be a serious one, formed his whole command in battle line in nearly the same relative position they occupied the night before, and then advanced to meet the enemy and accept battle. The 1st Connecticut Artillery, Capt. Russell constituted the artillery force he deemed sufficient to bring into action. He placed this battery so that he could harass the enemy on his right and left, gave signals to the gunboats in Stono river and the creek to open fire, and then advanced along his whole line. The fire from the gunboats on the rebel right and left and the bold charge of the 54th Massachusetts (colored) were so severe that the whole rebel line fell back, broke and finally retreated in disorder through Secessionville and behind the strong batteries they have in position but a short distance from the village.

Gen. Terry speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of the 54th Massachusetts, and says the best disciplined white troops could have fought no better. In fact, the 54th did about all the fighting, and suffered all the loss. Rebel prisoners captured in this engagement estimate their own loss from the fire of the gunboats and from that of the 54th Massachusetts at from two to three hundred. They were about 6,000 strong, and expected to overwhelm us."

But it was in the last unsuccessful assault upon Fort Wagner that the colored troops exhibited a heroism that must forever put their enemies to shame. We quote from the correspondence of *The Evening Post*:

PORT ROYAL, July 24, 1863.

Fresh honors crown the colored troops. So fully had their character for bravery and reliance been established, that in the recent assault upon Fort Wagner the 54th Massachusetts were allowed to lead our veteran troops, nor did they (to their honor be it said) refuse either the lead or their support.

On forming them into line Gen. Strong, who had by his soldierly and kind bearing toward them secured their confidence, raising his stentorian voice, cried out, "Is there a man here who thinks himself unable to sleep in that fort to-night?" The earth rang with the thunder of their "No!" Turning to the color-bearer, he said: "Is there any man to take his place if this brave color-bearer should fall?" With lifting of hands and leaping, and almost yelling, all through the enthusiastic ranks, came the response, "Yes! Yes!"

From Gen. Strong himself, as he lay in the hospital four days afterward, suffering from his ghastly wound, I learned that these men had "had no sleep for three nights, no food since morning, and had marched several miles." Under cover of darkness they stormed the fort, facing a stream of fire, faltering not till the ranks were broken by shot and shell, and in all these severe tests, which would have tried even veteran troops, "they fully met my expectations" said the General, "for many of them were killed, wounded, or captured on the walls of the fort. No man broke till fired upon."

The 5th Connecticut, who had honored themselves at Jacksonville, cooperating with colored troops, supported the 54th in the assault. Several of the officers lying in the hospital confirm the testimony of Gen. Strong. The regiment went in 700 strong and brought off only 360 sound men. Of 17 officers only three came out unhurt. The number of killed I have not learned. About 200 are now lying in our hospitals. Some who had prophesied that the colored man would not stand fire, but had finally yielded in his favor, still contended that ghastly wounds and sufferings, with slaughter and death of comrades, would quash all their love of freedom and soldiering, and silence the boasts of their friends.

On the second and fourth days after the fight, I passed through nearly all the wards of the hospital. On the second day a very large proportion of their wounds had not been dressed, and of course they were very painful. Some lay with shattered legs, or arms, or both; others with limbs amputated. Rebel bullets, grape, shells and bayonets have made sad havoc. Standing amidst a large number, I said: "Well, boys, this was not a part of the programme, was it?" "Oh, yes, indeed, we expected to take all that comes," said some. Others said, "Thank God, we went in to live or die."

"If out of it and home, how many would enlist again?" With brightened faces and some raising of even wounded arms or hands, all said, "Oh, yes, yes." Some sang out, "Oh, never give it up till the last rebel be dead," or "the last brother breaks his chains," or, "If all our people get their freedom, we can afford to die."

Frank Myers from Ohio, whose arm was badly shattered by a shell, said, "Oh, I thank God so much for the privilege; I went in to live or die as He please." He stood right under the uplifted sword of their brave Col. Shaw, on the very top of the parapet, as he cried, "Rush on, rush on, boys!" and then suddenly fell, quickly followed by Myers himself.

No man can pass among these sufferers, so patient, so cheerful, hear them express their desire for a speedy recovery, first and only, that they may (the almost universal expression) "try it over again"; also, their firm conviction that they are soldiers for Jesus, to help on His war of freedom for all the oppressed, and not be inspired with deepest abhorrence of slavery and unquenchable desire for the freedom of their race. I have seen much to admire in them as servants, laborers in the field; as soldiers, in camp, on the battle-field, but never so much in all these relations that is so truly manly, heroic and sublime, as exhibited in the furnace fires of war.

The sympathy and kind attentions of the colored people are unmeasured. Yesterday Peter, from a plantation seven miles distant, calling on Gen. Saxton, said: "Gineral, I bro't load of corn from ou' people for de sogers in de hospital. Some gives two ears, some four and some more, as dey be able. May de poor wounded sogers have it?" "Yes, yes; I thank them for it," said the General. Men, women and children, by the hundred, have turned ministering angels to their suffering benefactors, as the baskets of corn, figs, melons, pies, cakes, kettles of coffee, soup, and numberless other tokens of sympathy clearly evince.

NEGRO SOLDIERS IN THE FAR WEST.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing at Leavenworth, July 20, gives an account of a fight in which the First Regiment Kansas Colored Volunteers took an honorable part. The fight took place on the Neosho, on the road between Fort Scott and Fort Blunt, the Union force being on its way to the latter place as a guard to a subsistence train, with paymasters and sutlers, numbering 300 wagons in all, intended for the relief of Col. Phillips. A rebel force composed chiefly of Indians attempted to cut off this train. The correspondent aforesaid says: "A little incident occurred at this stage showing the pluck and *élan* of negro soldiers. The officer in command of the troopers was a Pro-Slavery Democrat, and thought it would be more appropriate to send the "d—d niggers or Injuns" to do the work. But in obedience to orders he started out to the bank of the creek, and hastily retreated under the sharp fire of the enemy. On reporting to Col. Williams, that officer, who is well known as brave even to rashness, declared that 'he could find men to make the attempt.' Five companies of the colored regiment moved on the double quick to the creek, and under the fire of the opposing forces dashed into the stream, with their Colonel at the head. But they could not cross; the stream was too deep. The men followed their leader till they commenced to swim, when Col. Williams reluctantly ordered them to fall back. All, the time, while the bullets spattered on the water like hail, the negroes preserved the most perfect order, and reformed on the bank of the creek."

The correspondent of *The Herald*, speaking of this fight, in which a loyal Indian brigade also took part, says: "It has always been a question whether Indians could be used as infantry in the open field or in a charge. The Cabin Creek fight goes to prove their incapacity for this style of fighting, the severest test of a soldier's discipline and drill. On the other hand, it is equally as demonstrative in favor of the negro, if these soldierly points are accepted as criterions. At Cabin Creek the negroes are universally acknowledged to have acquitted themselves with the greatest valor. As an Irish Lieutenant of the Third Wisconsin phrased it, 'By God I've seen some fighting; but by Jasus! the blarsted nagurs bate everything I ever seed.'"

WHEN you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling.

Summary.

THE CONFEDERACY.—Only about one-fourth of the territorial area represented in the so-called Confederate States Congress is now under the control of the armed forces of the rebellion. The other three-fourths has been overrun and conquered by our armies. If England and France do not hurry they will have nothing but a fugitive government to recognize.

A COLORED CHURCH BURNED IN WILLIAMSBURG.—On Saturday night the colored church in Devoe street, Williamsburg, was burned. This church was threatened by a Williamsburg mob during the week of the riots in New York. The fire was the work of incendiaries, three men having been observed leaving the church just before the fire was discovered.

COULDN'T SPARE BILL.—The Mexico (Mo.) *Citizen* tells the following: "A gentleman of strong Southern sympathies, while on a hunt for three black boys, who had left him without any just cause, said to a friend that he didn't care so much for Sam and Wes, but 'I can't do without Bill. I'll give a thousand dollars to get him back.' Here he bursted into a flood of tears and exclaimed, 'Bill is my own son.'"

The colored residents of Troy, who fled during the recent troubles, have nearly all returned. *The Times* is authorized by Mayor Van Alstyne to state "that it is his intention to give them the same protection that is accorded to white citizens, and in case of outrage or threats they are requested to report at once to the city authorities. The lives and property of colored people are to be rendered safe."

THE TROY RIOT.—During the riot in Troy, Morrisey, the prize-fighter, took part against the rioters. The mob attacked the Troy House and demanded that the

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

WORDS OF CHEER.

So, Vicksburg ours, and Lee at flight!
Well, dear, you've told the tale;
But you must talk no more to-night,
Or your slight strength will fail
Ere, finished their wearisome round,
Doctor or nurse can come;
But while I cool your throbbing wound
I'll tell you tales of home.

Poor, aching head! three days it lay,
Close at a rebel's feet,
Senseless on the blood-soaked clay,
Throughrain and noon-day heat!
Poor, helpless arm! so sharp with pain,
'Twas joy to lose, you said,
To keep our flag still free from stain,
Our home from gladness fled!

And all that I can tell to thee,
My knight, my brave, my shield,
Of the dear home you pray to see,
Must fiercer anguish yield.
Oh! think of rebels met in fight,
Vanquished in open fray,
Nor ask of me, in these wounds' sight,
Of their "Rear Guard" to-day.

You've told me how a foeman's hand
Held yours in friendly cheer;
Can I tell you of murd'rous brand
'Mong those you've saved from fear?
With the vile loathsome snakes that crawl,
Kissing the traitor's track,
Ready, if rebel arms should fall,
To use the fangs they lack?

Thank God that still the battle's din
Rings in his long-strained ears!
Thank God the nation's latest sin
He neither heeds nor hears!
Dream while he may of victor wreaths,
And happy, grateful throng,
When Victory her sword unsheaths—
His dreams are none too long.

UNA.

THE MORALITY OF THE RIOT.

A SERMON

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—*Luke xxiii.*, 34.

In recalling the frightful scenes of the past week—our New York Reign of Terror—scenes happily passed, and now to be as quickly as possible forgotten, as soon as the lesson of them is learned—these words of Jesus come again and again to my mind, and give the only key that opens their whole meaning. All through the week they were in my thoughts. They would not be drowned by words of fear or words of vengeance. The faint, sweet voice which spoke them from the cross was louder in my ear than the clamors of the populace, the cries of the citizens, the rattle of the musketry, or the boom of cannon. In that ancient City of Jerusalem there was one week of riot. It was instigated and conducted, for their own political ends, by men who called themselves the eminent friends of government, of order and of law. The leaders and abettors of it were the Pharisees, the party of prerogative, and who called themselves the high representatives of the national idea and constitutional authority. The rough material that composed it was the misguided mass of the people; its victim was the child, the friend, the benefactor, the Savior of the people. The High Priest of Jerusalem might have quieted the populace, but the victim was not reputed orthodox, and the High Priest wished to keep on good terms with the High State party. Pilate, the Roman Governor, could have put the riot down in a few hours with his soldiers, had he chosen to do it; but he was in good understanding with the chief insurgents; the riot was on the whole in his interest; it was instigated by the pretended friends of the empire—at least by those who dreaded any premature outbreak against the empire, and who wished to keep in good odor with the Roman power. Its object was to crush a man whose teaching, conduct, life, seemed likely to precipitate such an outbreak, and in crushing him to crush the people who supported him, and the spirit of independence which supported the people. Pilate, therefore, kept his regiments out of the way, and let the insurrection go on. He yielded to the pressure of the mob of respectables, and after a show of reluctance, a hypocritical washing of his hands, and a sanctimonious rolling up of his eyes, gave the populace their victim, well knowing that it was his own victim too. There was no better way of carrying out his own plans than that of letting the rioters carry out theirs; for they were doing his work—the work of suppressing the spirit of Hebrew liberty, and breaking the heart of the Hebrew faith. How little those people, those mechanics and laborers of Jerusalem, those hard-handed, poor, cheated, simple workmen, knew of the nature of their own deed! How little they knew the men who were driving them on to this tragedy of blood! How little they knew him, the victim, the object of all this rage and malediction, at whom they were howling and shaking their fists, for whom they were demanding the cross! Ah! had they known them, their leaders, they would have buried them beneath a mountain of curses. Had they known him, the victim, they would have taken him up in their arms of iron, and sheltered him against the utmost wrath of his enemies! And he knew it, the victim knew it well! He knew that they stoned and beat him because they were ignorant and misguided, and took him to be what he was not—their foe, instead of their friend. He knew that there was nothing in their hearts of bitterness or hate against him, Jesus, the man who had spent all his days in going about among them doing good. He knew that the terrible bitterness and the scathing hate there was in their hearts rose fiercely against an imaginary person, whom they had been taught to associate with him; and so, when the cross-beams were laid on the ground near Calvary, and he was stretched out on them, and the brutal soldiers were driving the spikes through his hands and feet, their eyes glaring at him the while, and their poisonous breath reeking in his face, he could only pity them with a pity none but such as he could feel. At that moment, least of all, when their ignorance, their folly, their crime, their insanity was at the height of its consummation, could anger or scorn enter his soul; at that moment, least of all, when the frenzy of their mistake was showing itself in all its horrors, could he do aught but compassionate them, and pray that they might be forgiven. And truly, in that awful tragedy, they were the ones to be compassionated, for they were the ignorant ones, the weak ones, the blind and infatuated ones; they were ridding themselves of their Savior; they were crucifying their friend; they were barring against themselves the gates of heaven; they were tearing off from themselves the hands of God; they were dooming their wives and children to unspeakable misery; they were pulling down on their own heads the whole weight of the empire from whose wrath they thought themselves escaping. Were they not to be pitied? Yes, more than their victim. He who could at such a time preserve his clearness, his calmness, his courage, his faith; he who could at such a time say those words, "Father, forgive them," with such composure, was not, even though dying a death of agony and shame, a subject for compassion. Admire him, honor him, bless him, worship him, shed tears of gratitude for the manifestation of such a soul; but do not pity him. Pity them who slew him, and in slaying him slew themselves, and hung themselves on a cross of humiliation, from which the ages have not been able to take them down! Were they haters of goodness? It was in the name of goodness, as they saw it, that they persecuted him. Were they foes of religion? It was as the friends of religion, as they had been taught to regard it, that they called for the cross. Were they enemies of law and order? It was in the very cause of law and order, as they had been instructed in it, that they clamored for his blood.

Of all the dreadful and melancholy passages in the history of human progress, none, to a thoughtful man, are more dreadful or melancholy than those which tell how men have resisted, pushed away, reviled, cursed, beaten, mobbed, crucified their benefactors. It does seem, as we read them, as if the most dreaded thing on earth had been the personal, the domestic, the social welfare; as if the deepest anxiety on the part of men of all sorts was an anxiety to escape from their health and salvation; as if the profoundest dread was a dread of mending their estates, and their uttermost horror was a horror of heaven! It does seem, as we read, as if happiness, prosperity, success, were the pet aversion of mankind; as if the signs that were looked for with the most agonized apprehension were the signs that the kingdom of heaven was at hand.

My friends, this is not the language of exaggeration I am using; it is the language of sober truth, and it is language which feebly describes the character of the truth. All up through the stages of human progress, from the stage of lowest material to the highest spiritual improvement, we meet at every step this sickening experience. In the foreground of Kaulbach's picture of the Destruction of Babel, two bricklayers have thrown down an architect, and are pounding him to death with stones, evidently regarding his drawings as magical signs made to conjure the devil with, and charging on him the downfall of the walls they were building. The picture is terribly true to life. It stands in the foreground of every historical picture. Thus have the laboring classes always treated the men of science, thought, humanity, who were their greatest benefactors. Take as an illustration the history of the introduction of labor-saving machinery. There can be no question—there is no question—among those who look at the matter either in a philosophical aspect as social theorists, or in a historical aspect as practical people, that the introduction of labor-saving machinery, of every kind and in every department of industry, has added immensely to the wealth, the comfort, the ease of the whole community, and that the class most immediately and substantially benefitted by it has been the working, the laboring class. The use of machinery, by bringing the natural forces to the aid of human toil, and hitching our wagons to the stars, as Emerson has it, has emancipated human toil from the hardest, coarsest, most brutalizing drudgery of civilization, and transferred it to more wholesome and more lucrative fields of work. It has made these fields of work, undiscovered and unsuspected before, accessible to industry; it has led to the creation of new branches of industry and art, which instantly took up and exercised the liberated hands; it enabled the capitalist to withdraw his capital from the employment of the ruder kind of manual labor, and to use it to better advantage in other ways. Thus fabrics were cheapened, so that the multitude could have what the few only had before; wants were multiplied, desires increased; the standard of well-being was raised throughout society; augmented supply and demand stimulated each other; the resources of Nature opened their stores of infinite bountifulness; the capabilities of man were unfolded. Instead of throwing men and women out of work, the machines multiplied work to such an extent that more men and women were called for to do it; for the machines must be made, ore must be dug, smelted, manufactured into iron and steel; iron and steel must be manufactured into mechanism—a process which built up enormous cities and called into being vast populations of artisans. The mechanism when made must be set up, and worked by organized armies of operatives, camping in towns by themselves; factories must be built. Out of this grew the trade which was required to distribute these prodigious fruits of industry; the traffic on land, the commerce on the sea; the baskets for carrying all the produce from place to place—baskets called wagons, baskets called ships; the construction of places to receive it and label it and send it out to its destination; depots called San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Liverpool. Where is the end of it? There is no end. The introduction of machinery has rendered services too many for enumeration and too great for gratitude to the industrial population of the earth. There is no laborer, no field hand, no stevedore or 'longshoreman, no carpenter or smith, no spinner, weaver, stocking-maker, shirt-sewer, whose existence is not less poor, barren, beggarly, precarious, short, miserable for it. And yet the outcry of the toiling classes over the globe against machines has been one of the most appalling outcries of modern time, and has preceded uprisings of the most desperate kind. The beneficent machines have been madly broken in pieces; the inventors and owners of them have been mobbed; factories have been razed to the ground; private dwellings of rich mill-owners have been pillaged and burned; and the populace have been restrained only by bullets and bayonets from bringing an utter destruction on those whose wealth, enterprise, energy, opened to these very laboring people the promise of indefinite occupation and indefinite well-being. "Accursed be machines!" was the cry in hovel and in street. "Each year their growing power consigns to pauperism millions of laboring people, takes away their occupation, with their occupation their earnings, with their earnings their bread." Cry sadder and more insensate could not be uttered. Of course it must be stifled in the blood of those who raised it, for society must not perish. Man must improve his condition, and if he will be convinced of this only at the barricades, then at the barricades he must learn it, in the spilling of his own blood; but every drop of blood is a tear, and the smothered cry is a smothered prayer for forgiveness.

I have used this illustration because it is so striking. But if ignorance can thus make people disposed to curse and crucify the veiled benefactors who would enrich them with material goods, of course ignorance would dispose them all the more to curse and crucify those who would benefit them in a higher degree, which they could even less understand and appreciate. If ignorance makes men mad with inventors, how much more will it make them mad with reformers, philanthropists, redeemers, who bring an uncomprehended and altogether fathomless benefit to their social and moral estate!

We saw this conspicuously and dismally exemplified in the events of the past week. The one man who, before and above all others, was a mark for the rage of the populace—the one man whose name was loud in the rabble's mouth, and always coupled with a malediction—the one man who was hunted for his blood as by wolves, who would have been torn in pieces had the opportunity been afforded, and on whose account the dwelling of a friend was literally torn in pieces, was a man who had been the steadfast friend of these very people who hungered for his blood; their most constant, uncompromising and public friend; thinking for them, speaking for them, writing for them, pleading their cause through the press, in the legislature, from the platform; excusing their mistakes and follies, asserting and reasserting their substantial worth and honesty and rectitude, advocating their claims as working-people, vindicating their rights as men, proposing schemes for the safety of their persons, the healthfulness of their houses, the saving and increase of their earnings, the education of their children, the exemption of their homesteads from seizure in cases of debt, the enlargement of their sphere of labor, the transferring of their families from the crowded city, where they could do little more than keep themselves alive by arduous toil, to the fruitful lands of the West, where they could become noble and self-respecting men and women. *This* was the man whose blood was hungered for. I need not speak his name—you know who I mean; a man whom some call visionary, but whose visions are all of the redemption of the people; whom some call "fool," but who, if he seem a fool, is foolish that the people may be wise; whom some call radical, but whose radicalism is simply a determination that the popular existence shall have a sound, sure and deep root in natural law and moral principle; at all events, a man who has lived for the people and suffered for the people, and been laughed at when he suffered and because he suffered. *This* was the man whose blood was hungered for. And yet the most moderate, kind, considerate of all the papers, the last week, was his paper. And I believe he, even had he fallen into the hands of his enemies, would have said, "Forgive them, they know not what they do."

Indulge me, my friends, in one more personality. I said that the dwelling of a friend was pillaged by the mob, under the impression that Mr. Greeley lived there. What was this dwelling? Who was this friend? The dwelling was one the like of which is rare in any city—a dwelling of happiness and peace—a home of the tenderest domestic affections—a house of large friendliness and hospitality—a refuge and abiding place for the unfortunate and the outcast. There was no display of wealth there—there was no wealth to display; yet the house was full of things which no wealth could buy. It was crowded with mementoes. The pieces of furniture in the rooms had family histories connected with them; chairs and tables were precious from association with noble and rare people who had gone. Pictures on the walls, busts in the parlors, engravings, photographs, books spoke of the gratitude or love of some dear giver. One room was sacred to the memory of a noble boy, an only son, who died some years ago. There was his bust in marble, there were his books, there were the prints he liked, the little bits of art he was fond of, and all the dear things that seemed to bring him back. The whole house was a shrine and a sanctuary.

And who were the inmates? The master, a man whose sympathies were always and completely with the working-people, a man of steady and boundless humanity. The mistress, a woman whose name is familiar to all doers of good deeds in the city of New York, and dear to hundreds of the objects of good deeds. To the orphan, and friendless, and poor, a mother; to the unfortunate a sister; to the wretched, the depraved, the sinful, more than a friend. In the city prison her presence was the presence of an angel of pitying love; at Blackwell's Island she was welcome as a spirit of peace and hope. The boys at Randall's Island looked into her face as the face of a mother. Again and again had she rescued from the life of shame the countrywoman, and possibly the kindred of these very people who plundered her house. For the better part of a year and more she has been in camp and city hospitals, nursing their brothers and sons, performing every menial office. At this moment she is at Point Lookout, doing that work, amid discomforts and discouragements that would daunt a less resolute humanity than hers, giving all she has and is to the *people*, to the wounded, crippled, bleeding and broken people; giving it for the sake of the people—giving it that the people may be raised to a higher social level! And she, forsooth, must be selected to have her house pillaged! She must be stabbed to her heart of hearts, stabbed through and through, in every one of her affections, by these people for whom her life had been a perpetual process of dying! Why, if they had known this that I have been telling you, or but a tenth part of it, those men would have defended with their bodies every thread of the carpets she trod on. But so it is, and so it must be! Only the best names are ever taken in vain on human lips, and they are so taken because they are the best; and best is worst to those who cannot understand it. Theodore Winthrop was shot by a negro. Did he know what he did?

And from whose lips was the word "Abolitionist" flung in bitter hate last week? Why, from the lips of men who, had they known who the leading Abolitionists were and what they purposed, and in what interest they labored, would have coupled their name with blessing instead of malediction. For, with this knowledge they would have been assured that this class of men, whom they held to be their enemies, were, more perhaps than any other class of men in the community, their friends. They would have been assured that here was a class of men who were contending earnestly for the sacredness and dignity of labor; who were pleading for *free* labor all over the continent; who were determined to break down, if they could, that wall of caste by which the free labor of the North was shut out from the boundless territory and the bountiful fields of the South, and to relieve the bosom of the South itself from that dreadful incubus which prevented the development of its own resources and the increase of its own wealth; men who saw, as the natural result of their efforts, the withdrawal of the black people from Northern cities to their more congenial climates—the employment of them there on their most congenial work—the consequent distribution of labor, according to normal and natural laws, over the whole surface of the country; and as the effect of this an immense increase of production, an enormous demand for every kind of labor, and a prodigious multiplication of wealth, prosperity, comfort, safety and happiness. That this should not be understood, at least that it should not be understood as the design and purpose of those men, seems to me incomprehensible; but it was not, and so we saw the melancholy spectacle of men thirsting for the blood of their benefactors, exposing themselves to death in order to get it, and actually, in the effort to get it, falling under the fire of soldiery. In thinking of it one's bosom is torn with distracting emotions, and between feeling for the persecuted and feeling for the persecutors, one almost loses the power of feeling. Could anything be more pitiful? Yes, one thing more pitiful there was—the savage hunting down and persecution of the negroes, as if they, too, were the enemies of these working-people. The poor, inoffensive negroes, most innocent part of the whole population! Most quiet, harmless, docile people, who could not stand in the way of the white people if they would, and who never thought of anything but of keeping out of their way! These the enemies of white labor! As if they had not, for these very white people, borne the burden and heat of the tropical day, raising the cotton by which we are clothed, and the rice by which we are fed! As if to these and the like of these the white people did not owe a large share of the manufacturing towns where they get their bread! As if the lowest foundation stones of this very New York of ours were not cemented by their bloody sweat! As if there were too many of them in the country now for the country's needs, supposing the country ever to fall into a settled and civilized condition again! As if all there are might not by and by be *required* to do the work which white labor cannot for a long time, if it can ever, safely undertake! Strange complications of things! Strange cross purposes of human nature! The Southern people would revive the slave trade, because they have not black laborers enough, and their allies among ourselves would banish or kill all the black people, because they interfere with white labor! A mutual stabbing at each other's hearts! And on each side a stabbing to its own heart!

My friends, let us try to look at this thing in the light of philosophy and faith. Of course no terms can be kept with rioters. They must be put down by the swiftest and most crushing force. The swifter and more crushing, the more merciful. That is the only way to deal with them. That is understood; the law of self-preservation declares it. There is no necessity for insisting on it here. There is no necessity here for glorifying soldiers, or magnifying the office of the howitzer. Let not the short reign of terror from below tempt us to pray for a reign of terror from above! Carbines and sabers are necessary tools; but they are very ugly tools in modern cities. I do not rejoice in the picket-guard that clatters in front of my door. This is the place for calm words and thoughts of charity. My friends, I am determined to think as well of human nature as I can. I will not, under any circumstances, justify in my heart the old doctrine of its depravity. I will not believe that my fellow-creatures are fiends. It hurts me to hear them called so by my friends. Need we call them so now? Recalling the immediate occasion of the rioting last week, need we call them so? But for that immediate occasion there would have been no rioting. There was no original thirst for pillage; there was no original thirst for blood. There was at first no raging desire to burn and destroy. This came with the rousing of those passions which cast all reason out of doors, and turn men into maniacs. But let us consider the occasion which led to their excitement—the conscription for the army.

1. In the first place, we must remember that to such of our fellow-citizens who had been subjects of the British crown—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen—such a thing as a conscription was an unknown horror, which the government of their native country never ventures on; that to such of our fellow-citizens who were Europeans, Continentals, it is a horror only too well known. To their minds the very word "conscription" brings the bitterest of remembrances, the keenest recollections of sorrow and degradation. It suggests tyranny in its most arbitrary form, the tearing of people from their homes to fight battles in whose issue they were not interested. To us conscription means the necessary drafting of men for the defence of their native land, for the suppression of an insurrection, which threatens the nation's existence, for the vindication of free institutions. To them it means the violent compulsion of people to enter the military service in a cause they do not understand, under an Administration they do not like. I do not justify their resistance. I do not palliate in the least their method of showing their discontent. I do not lessen by a shade the horror that attaches to their crime. But I am *not* surprised at it. We have taught them lessons of independence; we have told them to be jealous of their rights; they are not like the Southern population, who yield to the conscription law with the sullen compliance of men who have no strong sense of personal liberty in their breasts; they resented; they resisted. We see where they were mistaken; we see where they were wrong; it is easy for us to see it—they did not. Let us deal with them as we may or must; but let us do it as a sad necessity—as a necessity laid on us by Law and Order, and every social demand, but as a *sad* necessity nevertheless. Let us say not "God damn them," but "Father, forgive them." If they are assassins, we will not forget that they are suicides.

2. Again: the exemption clause. No doubt it was well intended; no doubt it was carefully meditated and thoughtfully inserted in the draft order; no doubt excellent reasons can be given for it, and cogent arguments can be urged in its defence; but these reasons were not given; these arguments were not stated; the intention of the clause was not explained; and it did seem, it could not but seem, to grant a virtual release from the draft to the whole comfortable class of the community. The sum was just large enough to be beyond the poor man's raising; it was not large enough to be an inconvenience to the moderately well-conditioned. Was there nothing in that to stir the resentful feelings of the poor? Is there nothing in that, as we think of it, to mitigate our resentment at theirs? How could they understand it? I confess I could hardly understand it myself, passionless as I was, and prepared to put the best construction on the acts of the Administration (myself one of the virtually exempted ones by that clause). I could not at first think it quite wise or fair. How, then, should they think it so, who were touched by it to the quick, who stood outside of its benefits, and who were *not* prepared to put the best construction on the acts of the Administration? I plead this, my friends, simply in mitigation of judgment on their crime. Of course, I see where they deceived themselves, or were misled by others. I see the full character and the full bearing of their mistake. I see now how this very clause, while it sweeps no larger number of them into the ranks of the army than would be drawn without it, does make more comfortable the families at least of those that go. But do *they* see it? *Could* they see it? If they could and did, then my plea for them, in that article, drops to the ground. If they did not and could not, then my plea for them at the bar of reason stands.

3. We must make allowance, too, for the depth of the ignorance among the working-classes, especially among foreigners, in regard to the war, its causes, its origin, its principles, its purposes, the ends for which it is conducted, the issues towards which it is pressed; ignorance respecting the creed and spirit of the Administration. It is an ignorance that pervades the world, that fills England and France, that possesses a large portion of our own citizens, whose education, mental habit, or social position, blind them to what we think the real nature of the struggle in which we are plunged. How much more is it likely to possess and blind these? It is an ignorance that organizes opposition in every part of the world, and even here among our own citizens, who will persist in saying, and saying precisely to these misguided and unintelligent men, that the war is waged on purely partisan principles. Why, then, should the opposition of *these* excite in us so much surprise? Oh, the fearful extent to which they have been misled by the reckless men who rule the politics of the country! It makes me sick to think of it. If there ever was a war for the working-classes, this is one; it is a war for them and theirs peculiarly; it is a war for their position in society, for the rights of their industry, for the safety of their homes, for the elevation of their class; a *people's* war against the only despotism on the face of the continent; a war of modern *ideas* against old institutions; a war of the *nineteenth century* against the feudal ages; a war of *humanity* against that which crushes humanity to the earth and dishonors it; a war for the free condition of *human nature;* a war which every man who appreciates at all the social significance of our institutions, which every man who loves those institutions, which every man who has sought refuge under them from foreign limitations and despotism, should rush forward eagerly to support, his fortune, his life, his duty and honor in his hand. And yet it is a war which these people, who are to be the most bountiful gainers by it, savagely oppose!

It is a very mysterious thing in history, this alliance between the most turbulent and the most tyrannical, the most depraved and the most despotic portions of society. The most undisciplined, barbarous, savage members of a community are ever in league with the most overbearing, insolent, imperious and domineering members of it. They who are under the least self-control bow most deferentially before those who rule others with the most iron rod. The people who were proudest of having turned out to a man, in London, for the maintenance of law and order, on the day of the great Chartist demonstration there, were the most immoral class in the city—proved by the criminal returns to be nine times as dishonest, five times as drunken, and nine times as savage as the rest of the community. (See Spencer's Social Statics, p. 424.)

In Boston, on the occasion of the rendition of Anthony Burns, all the thieves, burglars, cut-throats swarmed from their dens and volunteered with alacrity to enforce the Fugitive Slave law. And now the leaders of the Southern Confederacy count, and count securely, on the Northern populace. The fiercest allies of the only absolutely despotic class in the country are the outlaws of society. The men who are fighting for the privileges of the extremest tyranny, the privileges not of ruling merely, but literally of *owning* the laboring class, these men have the implicit, the unquestioning, the fanatical loyalty of the people who are at the opposite end of the social scale—the people who own nothing either of fortune, position, influence or character, and whose sole relation towards the despots they worship is that of mad, savage slaves. In Europe this alliance between the despotic and the lawless may be fortunate for the peace of the community. In our own Southern States it is eminently conducive to the tranquility they desire. But when the lawless are here and the despotic are there, when the barbarism is in New York and the tyranny in Richmond, when the elements of discord and turbulence in our Northern cities fly to support their iron-handed rulers in the seceded States, there ensues a state of things, especially in time of war, that is calculated to shake society to its foundations, and fill every loyal heart with dread. The unruly, as if they felt instinctively their lack of self-control, seek a ruler—fly to the strongest to save them from themselves—worship the sternest, the most high-handed, the cruelest, and by that natural sympathy with brutality are maintained in subjection to law.

Heaven speed the time when these heedless, reckless, licentious children of humanity may feel sensible of the weight of power without its brutality—may reverence authority when it is neither beastly nor cruel—may yield obedience to Order, whose symbol is not the sword, and to Law, whose badge is not the bayonet. But till that time comes, we, my friends, with thoughtful minds and sad hearts and sober consciences, and souls full as we can make them of human charity and good will, must hold in our hands those terrible symbols, and in the Christian spirit do the ruler's part.

And let us not, let us not, for anything that has happened in these few terrible days, let us not for a moment lose faith in our republican institutions, in our democratic ideas, in our great principles of human liberty. I hear already the shout of derision that will be raised against us; I hear already the prophecy that our North American civilization is a failure, and is coming to its end. But *we* know it is not. *We* know that to these principles and them alone our safety has been due thus far; and that by bringing them to greater perfection, by extending them, our safety will be secured eternally. *We* know that our danger springs not from the unruly elements in human nature, not from the emancipation of the masses, not from full enfranchisement of the populace, but from the natural and fatal allegiance of the lowest animal element in society to the same element, equally low, equally animal, equally lawless and inhuman, that arrogates and possesses the supreme authority and supreme prestige. We know that if we can dissolve that allegiance by abasing that authority and destroying that prestige, these wild elements will in time crystalize at the touch of legitimate power, and will cling with willing and grateful obedience to the centres of Order, Equity and Law.

SPEECH OF THE VENERABLE JOSIAH QUINCY

AT THE ALUMNI DINNER AT OLD HARVARD.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, now in his 92d year, was introduced with the sentiment:

The Oldest of the Graduates—Time has given him the first place in our ranks, and our common voice proclaims him first on the roll of honor of the long procession of living alumni.

Mr. Quincy was assisted to an elevated seat, and was received with vociferous applause. He spoke with perfect distinctness, with a full, sonorous voice. While being helped to his chair he facetiously remarked: "I shall be very happy to respond, but my *understanding* fails me." He spoke as follows, as reported in *The Journal:*

SPEECH OF HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

I am sensible I ought not to be here, and should not were it not by a coincidence of circumstances and feelings by which I am irresistibly impelled. It is just one hundred years since my father was graduated at Harvard College. The name of Josiah Quincy, Jr., is well known and intimately connected with the history of the American revolution. His spirit and sentiments are appropriate and adapted to the present crisis of our country. Nor is his memory untimely or inappropriate on this occasion. He was not only a worthy son, but a true lover of his alma mater. By his last will and testament, he bequeathed £2,000 sterling for the foundation of a professorship of law and of oratory in this college, dependent only upon his son's dying before his full age (laughter), so that you see at this day his name would have been registered among the founders of professorships had it not been for the inveterate tenacity of his son's life (renewed laughter and applause). When he graduated he took the final oration in his class—the first English part, as I am assured, ever delivered at a commencement. Before, all had been in Latin. His subject was "Patriotism" (cries of "Good!"), which he lived and died to exemplify. The spirit which his writings still breathe is appropriate and adapted to the crisis now trying the strength and wisdom of our country. Of slavery he had an instinctive abhorrence (applause). In his pamphlet on the Boston Port Bill he speaks in the language of history, and also to us at this period in that of warning and of prophecy. "As the oak was once but an acorn," said he, "so slavery, which was but yesterday implanted among us, already overspreads the land, extending its arms to the ocean and its limbs to the rivers. Unclean and voracious animals, under its covert, find protection and food. Its shade blasteth the green herb, and the root thereof poisoneth the dry ground, while the winds which wave its branches scatter pestilence and death" (applause). He travelled in the Carolinas and Virginia in 1773, one object of his visit being to excite them and organize resistance to Great Britain. He was well received and entertained in their best families. His entire journal has never been made public. It was so illustrative of the evils of slavery, that while slaveholders were a component part of the nation, it was deemed wise and kind to abstain from its publication. All delicacy of this kind is altered by events, and this day it is due to ourselves that all the odious effects of slavery should be known from a report of its nature by an impartial observer when it was comparatively in its infancy, and before it had grown to its present height and insolence; and at a period also when some of us talk of reviving the Union, including in it the element of slavery, and others of compromise without excluding it. The effect of his representations is to show that it is not only odious on account of its effect upon the slave himself, but by its deterioration of the character and morals of the slaveholder. I hoped to adduce extracts on this occasion to illustrate this principle, but I find that neither your time nor my strength permits. I will therefore promise that this address shall early be made public through the press, and conclude by citing his remarks upon the Boston Port Bill, which, in fact, are a prophecy which it is our happiness and glory this day to see fulfilled. After a laudatory eulogy upon the patriots of Rome and England, he exclaims, "Spirits and genii like these arose in Rome, and have since adorned Britain. Such also shall one day make glorious this more western world. America hath in store her Bruti, her Cassii, her Hampdens and Sidneys, patriots and heroes who formed a band of brothers; men who will have memories and feelings, courage and swords—courage that shall inflame their ardent bosoms till their hands cleave to their swords, and their swords to their enemies' hearts" (prolonged applause).

Mr. Everett, who was next called upon, added the following to the facts stated by Mr. Quincy:

Before obeying the requisition which you have placed me under, let me undertake the very bold task of correcting a lapse of memory, on the part of the venerable gentleman who has just taken his seat, the Nestor of ex-Presidents and of Alumni; a memory usually so tenacious of everything interesting and instructive. He has told us of the liberal bequest made by his honored father to the college, but he did not distinctly state that is was made absolutely contingent on his own life. If the son lived, the two thousand pounds were not to be paid at all; the patriotic father, with prophetic foresight, justly anticipated that in giving that son to the college and the country, he gave a sufficient treasure. Now, sir, our honored and revered head—and here is the point where his memory entirely failed him—thought proper that the college should have both the son and the legacy, and after giving us seventeen or eighteen of the best years of his life, has paid out of his own pocket, several years ago, that little trifle of ten thousand dollars into the college treasury. I mention it, sir, because it is often said that the mental faculties of our honored and revered friend are unimpaired; and justice seemed to me to require that this remarkable *lapsus memoriæ* should be pointed out.

FOURTH OF JULY AT BEAUFORT, S. C.

ORATION BY A NEGRO.

Correspondence of The Providence Journal.

St. Helena Island, S. C., July 5, 1863.

I chanced last year to spend the Fourth of July in Beaufort, N. C., and I wrote you an account of the celebration of the day in that once rebel town, by two Rhode Island regiments. This year I can tell you how the once very rebel town of Beaufort, S. C., observed the day on this island of St. Helena.

We met at the Baptist church, under the grand old live oaks, which may have frowned upon the first step of slavery stamping its curse into the soil. Now they have lived to wave the flag of freedom over an eager crowd of black men and women, who have but lately been allowed to claim their birthright, given them of God, but withheld by man. Three or four thousand blacks, young and old, were gathered around the platform, upon which were a number of ladies, several officers of Gen. Saxton's staff, and of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, and Superintendents of plantations. When all was in order, a long procession of school-children, wearing national cockades, and led by their lady teachers, marched from the church and formed in line, six or eight deep, not far from the stage. The exercises were interspersed with songs from these clear-voiced children, and during the speeches, at every symptom of applause on the platform, the happy youngsters broke out into hearty cheers.

After a prayer and the reading of the venerable Declaration, the orator was introduced, the Rev. Mr. Lynch, lately come to preach at St. Helena "Village." His eye and smile, as he stepped forward, would have made Northern audiences well content to listen to him, whatever his color. His voice was very good, and his language; if faulty, erred in being *too good.* It was that of an educated man. He told briefly the story of the Revolution and its causes, comparing the condition of our ancestors under the tyranny of the English, with that of his hearers, as slaves under their old masters. He told what freedom was and what it was not, urging the blacks to make good use of their new privileges, and showing them the possible future awaiting their children. The oration was followed by a short address from Mr. Edward L. Pierce, of Boston, who as Treasury Agent, was one of the prime movers of the Industrial and Educational Enterprise here, and whose reports to Mr. Secretary Chase form a most valuable contribution to the literature of the war, and a very interesting chapter of *The Rebellion Record.* After Mr. Pierce had spoken, the adult blacks gave us a number of their inimitable songs, many of them beating time with the whole body, as if utterly unconscious of the lookers-on. During the addresses, many intelligent faces, black as Africa, brightened and darkened in sympathy with the speaker, and many heads nodded strong approval.

After the exercises of the platform were over, the audience was dismissed to the barrels of molasses and water, and the boxes of hard bread across the street, which could not "stand" before the crowd. Many brought tin cups and carried their draught to the plantation mule-carts, in which they had brought mammoth watermelons to help out their lunch.

The day before the Fourth showed that the blacks, on one particular plantation at least, had gained some new and good notions of independence. There were white soldiers near the place, and that day three of them were found in the plantation corn-field, making free with the negroes' watermelons and corn. Up come three or four black men with their muskets, and with perhaps as many women, and demand a surrender. The whites have one rifle and a pistol, but a guilty conscience probably makes them useless. They speak threateningly of other soldiers near by, but the blacks are not frightened, and the robbers give themselves up. The blacks then march them along the road three miles to the Superintendent. The escort swells to about twenty, men, women and big children, all as quiet and orderly as a guard of regulars or the best drilled police. The case was clear, and the soldiers were at once marched quietly back again over the road, and then taken by the Superintendent to their Captain, who had them properly punished; although the six miles march with their dark escort had made them very penitent. The blacks showed no spirit of revenge, but only asked their rights; and when the soldiers were taken to their company, the blacks offered them as a parting gift the stolen melons and corn found in their hands; but the whites refused the "coals of fire."

No people could have managed this little affair better than these newly emancipated blacks. The whites, to be sure, submitted very quietly; but that detracts nothing from the credit of the negroes.

The great cotton-fields, now in full bloom and carefully tended, give undeniable proof that the free blacks can work as well now for fair pay as they ever could while slaves from fear of the lash.

Warwick.

MESSRS. CONWAY AND MASON.

Although Mr. Conway made a great mistake in representing himself as an agent to Mr. Fugitive Slave Bill Mason, who is notorious as the rebel emissary in London—and although his proposition was almost peculiar to himself, for certainly it is not the view of any considerable numbers of persons in this country—and although, once more, he has done the cause harm, as indiscreet friendship always does, yet he has also done us all and the English people a signal service by showing that the rebel agent will not agree to emancipation as the condition of separation and peace.

Mr. Conway, as every man in England will see, asked Mr. Mason a plain question, and Mr. Mason evaded a direct answer. His evasion was diplomatic and skillful, but it was none the less an evasion, and an evasion is an indirect answer. He declined to answer the question, first, upon the ground that he did not know Mr. Conway's credentials; and second, because he did not choose to, and because the Northern States will never be in a condition to ask the question. Possibly that may be so. But his correspondent was in a condition to ask the question, and asked it. He needed no credentials to authorize him to ask; nor did Mr. Mason need to see them in order to answer. Before entering upon any kind of treaty it would have been right to require the authority. But the point of interest presented by the correspondence to the British mind is—knowing very well that Messrs. Conway and Mason cannot negotiate—whether, to secure independence and peace, the rebels will consent to emancipation. Mr. Mason's evasive reply is, distinctly, no.

Ingenuous John Bull may smile at the ardent and sincere young man measuring his fence with the older, craftier hand. But the craft that seems to baffle cannot conceal the wound. The ardent adversary has most unskillfully dealt a mortal blow. He has revealed the truth, that slavery is dearer to the rebels, whom England befriends, than independence or peace; and he has thereby unmasked the character and purpose of the rebellion.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of New York, called at our office, ostensibly to inquire for tickets of admission to hear Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Our conversation turned naturally on the two great preachers of the age, Spurgeon and Beecher, although the latter thought himself unknown, as no introduction took place. Opinions were freely expressed as to the character of the sermons of both preachers, and we did not fail to state very plainly our disapproval of much which appears in the weekly report of Mr. Beecher's sermons. The compliment was returned in respect of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in America. As to the large sale in America which Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are said to have had, Mr. Beecher said Mr. Spurgeon himself stopped the sale by his letters in the Boston newspaper, in which he denounced slavery. The Southern States from that time had repudiated both the preacher and his sermons, and in the North the sale was never large. Mr. Beecher did not seem the best pleased with the candid opinions he heard expressed respecting his sermons.—*Wesleyan (English) Times.*

Professor G. W. Allen.—The majority of our friends will be familiar with the name of Professor Allen, who came to England from the United States in 1853, having been driven out in consequence of his marriage with a white girl, he being a quadroon. For ten years Professor Allen has struggled manfully to obtain an independent livelihood in this country, gaining the confidence of all with whom he has been brought into contact. At length Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, whose benevolence ever assumes a practical character, combining with a few other persons, recently issued a brief appeal, to obtain the sum of £100 for the purchase of the goodwill of a school, which offered an excellent opening to launch Professor Allen in a career of usefulness, in an occupation most congenial to his mind and habits. The establishment is called the Caledonian Training School, and is situated in the Caledonian Road, Islington. His installation as master took place on Friday evening, the 19th ult., on which occasion the parents and their children—his future scholars—assembled to receive him. The meeting was of the most interesting character, and it was truly gratifying to witness the cordial understanding which seemed already to have established itself between the new master and his pupils. We are informed that the school bids fair thus far, to prove a great success. We believe it is the first instance in this country of an educational establishment's being under the direction of a man of color, and we shall, therefore, watch its progress with especial interest. We are sure that the friends of Professor Allen, who so kindly contributed the funds for the purchase of the school, will be gratified to learn of their successful appropriation.—*London A. S. Reporter.*

Another Work by Rogers.—John Rogers, whose "Union Refugees," together with Ward's "Freedman," attracted so much attention at the last academy exhibition, has just completed another remarkable group, which he calls "News from the War